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THE FUNNY MAG

SPECIAL ISSUE
FOR
FUNNY'S SECOND YEAR

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1929

LUCKY NUMBER AND
CONTEST PRIZES
Rs. 250.

A Woman of the Stone Age

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
14 SEP 1934
MADRAS

5TH AUGUST, 1934
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THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

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(2) The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections and some margin on the left.

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FUNNY MAGZIN of INDIA

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II. | MADRAS, 5th AUGUST, 1934. | No. 1

Happy Second Year of our FUNNY Begins!

Hearty Felicitations to "Bhai Funzin."

Rulers; Ruled; Hindu, and Muslim,

All Creeds and Classes from Ends of the Empire

"Hail, Bhai Funzin, Another Glorious year to you!"

Bhai Funzin: Men my Brothers, Lovely Sisters, and Bonny Bairns, Surely, with Smiles and Roses all round, We shall begin yet another Happy Year as we did when first we met. I can only say: I am bursting with joy inexpressible yet irrepressible.

Bhai Funzin Thanks :

A Truly Nation-Wide Congratulations

Messages of Rejoicings from all Parts

BHAI FUNZIN

Happy Readers,

I am simply overwhelmed at the sincerity and intensity with which all Friends of our **FUNNY** hasten to express their heartfelt joy at the happy ending of our First Year and the start of even a Happier Second Year.

The Humour of Funny you have judged —to use your own words—as light, lightening and enlightening.

You have given a truly enthusiastic approval for the uniform cleanliness of the Humour of FUNNY.

You have all solidly voted for the dignity and decorum which marked even the tiniest jokes in FUNNY.

As a mark of which appreciation, Fathers read Funny with their Daughters, Mothers with their Sons, Brothers with their Sisters—in fact, Funny has established a Parliament of Homour and Federation of Fun.

Let me welcome all my Friends, flung in the farthest corners of our vast Empire for another year of Joy and Humour.

I remain,

Ever Most Cheerfully

BHAI FUNZIN.

One of the hundreds of letters that are coming in by Wire, Wheel and Heel :—

Beloved Bhai Funzin,

The 20th of July 1934 must have seen the last issue of the 1st year of our Funny Magzin. The child has grown into a baby, strong and beautiful, cheerful and gay. See how it smiles and sends forth peals of laughter. But, ah! What wonder if it is so? It, in fact, would have been funny if it were not to be so, for, has not Bhai Funzin reared the baby, and taken care to feed it properly? Has not Brahma imbibed the child to love and appreciate Art? Wit and Humour is the food that it is fed on properly!

O Bhai Funzin, my heart is full, and I lack for words.

I know not what to write. Somehow I am feeling to write you a lot, and pages and pages, but can write no more. In what words to express my thanks for the good frolic and fun that you provide us, I am at a loss to understand. Is there any need to say how hard the times are and how wretched our life is? The wise have said, "If your face wants to smile, let it, if not make it smile." But our faces refuse to smile, unless it is really forced by some cause; and let me assure you, dear Bhai, that many a time you have been the cause of our smiles.

O Bhai Funzin, do accept my heartiest congratulations for the successful year that the Magzin has passed, and do also take the trouble of congratulating S. Brahma for the most artistic illustrating that he has been doing. I may assure you that his illustrations are such lovely attractions in the articles. I wish you greater success in the coming year, and may the babe grow into a healthy young lad, is my sincere prayer to the Almighty. May the bush blossom forth innumerable roses, fragrant and fair, that shall be a delight to all, shall ever be my prayer to God, and which shall ever be the goal we all strive for.

Yours loving,

J. S. Solomon,

or

Bhrung.

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Views of the Worthy, No. I :

A Clever Candidate for the Assembly :

Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudaliyar, M. L. A.

City Candidate for the Assembly.

Says the Times of India :

" He is the one of the Cleverest Men
Of the Justice Party............"

Yet, at a closer view :

1. He has not gone to Jail
   as he should for Advertisement ;

2. He does not don Khaddar ;
   occasionally at least for dramatic
   effect ;

3. He does not attack Mahatmaji ;
   just to be linked with the All-World name ;

4. He does not change his Party
   to suit changing fortunes and
   changing times ;

5. He does not proclaim his Nationalism
   or his motherland-ism or Congress-ism to catch popular
   fancy.

Notwithstanding, " A. R." stands for Madras City.

GAN
TH
GR

B
"KALI

[What would you do if you were in Madhav's place? Would you straight away confess the truth?—Ed.]

THERE is many a fellow that wants to be rich —plenty of money in his iron safe—at least about ten 100 Re. notes and small change of Ten Re. notes and the rest of it in his money purse.

But many carry a money purse which you may turn inside out and not find the shadow of a king's coin in its neighbourhood—That is by the way.

The point is how to get at money. How really do those fat greasy ghee-oozing fellows get more than they ever can spend?

It is a secret: but a simple one. I have heard some of

OFFICE OF THE REGIS[TRAR]
14 SEP 1934
MADRAS

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DAS"

A CASH PRIZE!

[Whoever among our Readers helps Mr. Madhav with the best solution for his dilemma by 5th Sep. '34. gets a handsome money prize—Ed.]

these fat chaps tell us about it.

Here is what they do.

Count out Ten good true ringing rupees in a canvas purse—mind you nothing of these new-fangled zips or clips or buttons about it—A plain good old canvas such as your old grandfather put his money in and concealed it somewhere about his loins—

Put the ten rupees in it. Make sure they are bright and true ones—Fold up the purse and stow it away somewhere deep in the strong box — steel bound—with locks, which all came down to your grandpa from his grandpa. Give the seedlings time. Slowly take out the purse and count out—

There you are!—you find

exactly double the number you left—it has borne fruit as many-fold as you left. Put back the seeds and fruit in the same purse and give it some more time.

There you are—slowly, when you were sleeping the nights and praying the day time, each seed slowly bulges and bulges till it yields its like which it keeps by its side—you now find it is Fifty.

Now the same process—Fifty delivers a Hundred; a Hundred spawns out into a Thousand.

But then, henceforth the breeding will be pretty too fast—too fast for me or for your'Rithmetic to keep pace and count up.

It is Ten-thou—then tens of thou-s and you find it is a lakh-pathi that you have been dealing with.

You will jump up and say: "Oh tosh, I can do it any day. But I bet whether the tenner will ever double itself." But I challenge you will never be able to do it. So many young goats have tried and failed—you wont let the thing grow—you will feel the purse, and maybe you would like to see whether each coin sprouts, till at last you get fed up with this slow agricultural affair, you chuck out the oldie old canvas, take out the coins, gather your chums and step into the nearest Billiard room—(Bar attached) and you celebrate the liberation of the enslaved rupees to sunlight and circulation.

Raja Sekhar did it—he had the peculiar gift of nursing the rupees till they grew and grew, and Rajaeskhar as he once was, now came to be Raja Sekhar.

Well might he be a Raja.

Now that he was a lakhpathi, he found that he had the golden touch—he had simply to take up any line and gold came pouring into his safe. He took up agencies for soaps—looked as if the whole country was doing nothing but using up his soaps; and he could hardly get enough soap to distribute among his customers. It was safety-matches—a trifling thing—but the whole land was feverishly demanding more than he could order for. Then he took up *beedies*—the cheap country smokes—looked as if Mahatmaji and Maharajas were devoting their days and nights to beedi smoking and nothing else.

Madhao was his trusted clerk—an honest fellow—but like so many hard working honest fellows, he was paid not a tenth of what he was worth.

But worse than that:

Ganga was an unmitigated tyrant—the only daughter of Raja Sekhar—the girl who was to get all the lakhs of her father.

Not that she was one of those genuinely bad ones—far from that—she was given a nice training at home—Raja Sekhar did not have much faith in stylish girls' schools run more in the interests of the management than of the pupils. Sekhar thought that these girls learnt more that was objectionable than useful. He still clung to his old ways as he did when started his coin nursery with the great-grandfather's canvas purse.

The only girl—the heiress of all the wealth—it was only proper that Ganga should begin to take interest in the concerns of her father and check the work of his men.

Madhav came in for plenty of rough handling by Ganga. She would check his books for hours on end, and at the end of it all she would say "If this is how you look after father's affairs, no wonder it is all going to rack and ruin."

"But we have profits as we did last year," Madhav would point out the figures and facts.

"Profits! Wonderful profits! same profits like last year! But do you know we made no profits before we took up this line? And why not quote that? If only you did things carefully, the profits would go on increasing. I see now how you manage to please father."

"But he too looks into the books carefully and he is pleased, madam," Madhav would plead.

"Quite likely. But not me. When you sit here moping before the books, with your looks and mind away at something else, how can you show better results?" Ganga would persist.

Poor Madhav would spend his evenings alone; and his friends would have a good time asking Madhav how he liked the constant and long visits that Miss Ganga paid to his room in the Banker Raja Sekhar's office.

"Why, dear fellows, if you only know what the kind of person Miss Ganga is, you would never think of cutting jokes. It is all I can do to retain my job with such a checking officer like Miss

Ganga. I can endure the silly remarks of a thousand Raja Sekhars But not that young lady," poor Madhav would moan to his chaffing friends.

But they would only say, "Madhav, old rogue, don't think we take you for a saint, and that Ganga—rather Ganga the Grim—for an angel, nor, for that matter, are we fellows, soldiers in the troop of Apostles. We can smell the game even at a distance. We wish you joy, Madhav."

Madhav would neither smile nor revile: but left them the more moody.

Yet, he could not endure the light and cheap chatter of those friends—innocent as it all was.

There was some lurking —nay, sneaking—feeling of regard for his angry mistress. Yet he did not relish the sharp and even rude remarks Ganga would pass on his work. But still it seemed to give him a pleasure—a rapture, shall it be said—which he felt without even his knowing it.

Annoying or even irritating as her severe chiding was while she was actually doing it, when she left him, he did feel that he would have had it rather than she left him.

"Why, ass that I am," Madhav would mutter to himself, when he was in a mood to pluck his own mind and place it before him for scrutiny, "What is this that I am making a fool of myself? Am I playing myself to the cheap gibes of these young irresponsible colts that make fun of that lovely Ganga and myself? True, Ganga is distantly related to me. What if? Foolish, Foolish—silly goose of it all," he would exclaim, ashamed of himself as judged in the tribunal set by himself over his own inner mind.

It was in such a state.

One evening he took himself away from his friends and sat in a shady quiet corner and was musing over the occasional freaks of his mind and the hourly peril of losing his job in which he seemed to be—such were the truculent remarks Ganga would pass on his work.

He heard somebody approaching him—alone—a feminine—closer and closer view—somewhat like Miss Ganga—and quite close—it was Ganga—the grim lady herself.

"You here, Mr. Madhav?"

"Yes, Madam."

"So you have time for idling about? Suppose you spent this time tidying up your work?" demanded Ganga.

He was about to answer.

"I am sure you have been disturbed when I surprised you?" asked Ganga.

"Not exactly," said Madhav not knowing exactly what to say.

"I am sure it is a young lady. When a young man with easy income and carefree conscience seeks solitude of an evening in lonely place, then I can swear that there is a girl hovering about in his fancy dreams; am I right?" she asked.

"I have enough cares Madam, without adding such romance to my troubles," he replied, not relishing either the subject or the turn the talk was trending towards, and least of all the person who was holding it at such a place and such an hour.

"I know you would not be frank. But, I don't care. I shall ask you an honest question: and I expect a manly reply: Did you or did you not cast looks at me whenever I looked into your work which a brother would not towards his sister?" demanded Ganga.

"Miss Ganga, excuse me. I do not know what made you think that I should have been

Lady in Waiting

A Blue Funk

so rude as that," meekly said Madhav.

"Why, Mr. Madhav, a young woman knows what makes a young man falter and those pauses and perplexities in his answers are so tell-tale."

"I am really sorry............"

"No use of formal falsehoods. Can you honestly say that you have not had—to put mildly—some admiration for me?" sternly demanded Ganga.

"Well, Miss Ganga, I always respected you."

"Yes, yes, I know the meaning of all that kind of screen and smoke. But I want a plain manly answer, Mr. Madhav."

"I might have been foolish for a moment. But I am so poor and lowly. I can't be so mad, Madam."

"That is mentally, you have made advances towards me. Is that not enough? Don't you know our clan and our customs? And yet you have taken advantage of my necessity to look into father's concerns, because I have no brothers. How can I keep this from father? Shall I say father that you have silently wished for my hand? Mr. Madhav, for anything in the world, I can hide nothing from father. Be a man. Play the man. Answer me. Maybe you may lose your job; maybe all this wealth and myself will be yours But it is father's—entirely father's—will. My father is more than style or modernism to me. Take a week if you like. Answer me then. Good night, Mr. Madhav."

Ganga disappeared.

Ned: "Dad, what is the feminine of buck?"

Father: "Doe."

Ned: "Goodness; I've put buckshee on my exam. paper."

* *

"Excuse me, sir, have you seen a policeman anywhere about here?"

"I am afraid not."

"Right, hurry up and give me your watch and pocket-book then."

* *

Daddy, there's a man at the door with a moustache."

"Tell him I don't want any."

* *

"I tell you, I always act like a gentleman when I'm full of liquor."

"Then hurry up and get drunk!"

* *

"Your father looks like a man who calls a spade a spade."

"Yes, unless he drops it on his toe."

* *

"What makes Geoffrey look so old?"

"The expense of making his wife look so young."

* *

Believe me, I cursed the day I was born."

"That's funny. I didn't till I was three years old."

* *

"I know a man who has influenza all the time."

"Doesn't he know that whisky is good for influenza?"

"That's why he has it all the time."

* *

Mother: "Did you walk away when the strange boy came up and spoke to you?"

Daughter. "Yes, mother; we both did."

* *

"Excuse me, constable," said the old gentleman, "but here is a parcel of fish which I found in a railway carriage."

"Right, sir. If it isn't claimed in six months, it's yours."

BACK TO ADAM

Pride in pedigree is deep in humanity. It is based on the queer idea that there is merit in having had distinguished ancestors. Tnat is why we have a College of Heralds which is concerned with these things. It is holding a little celebration (very genteel, of course) just now, its own pedigree having completed 450 years.

In this prim and sedate building in Queen Victoria Street you can see many pedigrees to make American mouths water.

But as a matter of hard fact, few families can trace their origins very far and most pedigrees are fakes, even those of some of our most illustrious families.

The only difference.

There is an old saying, "Make money and the world conspires to make you a gentleman."

It ought to be inscribed over the doors of the College of Heralds. Not that these experts fake. Nobody knows better than they the flimsy claims of many noble houses to long ancestry.

When you come to think of it, we all have the same number of ancestors. The only difference between the man of blue blood and the other of the ordinary red kind is this phoney catalogue of forbears.

And there was once a wise man who said, "He who has deserved well of the State has no need of ancestors."

In other words, let us see that our own grandchildren shall have something to boast about! All else is snobbery.

—"*Everybody's*"

Think It Over.

An ambitious young man heard of the death of the junior partner of a big firm. Being full of self-confidence, he hurried to the offices of the firm.

"How about my taking your partner's place" he asked.

"Excellent!" said the senior partner. "If you can fix things with the undertaker."

CHUMS OF : : CHAMPAKA

By "JEE HO."

SHE was slim and sprightly; straight but not so tallish or hefty as to suggest the male girl: yet there was something to draw your eyes a second or even a third time as you passed her by.

That was Champaka.

She was having her evening stroll in the public gardens: there was nothing strange in that. Nor was it anything very out-of-the-way that she looked baffled as she stood under the spreading banyan tree.

Shiv was passing by: such a good scout-hearted fellow. True he was never in the Scout movement nor did he try to do good and be good because the Scout—the true Scout—had to do good. Shiv was a born Scout.

He passed close by—saw Champaka standing under the tree looking helpless.

Shiv was not a needlessly forward sort of youngster, but he couldn't possibly move on leaving a woman looking the picture of helplessness. He paused for a second: approached her and found out that she had mislaid her vanity bag or wallet and didn't know what to do.

"Where did you last sit down? Where were you walking last?" he anxiously asked.

"I was going round the 'Fernery' there for some ten minutes; then I was walking along the paths in the 'Jungle.' I sat in the Fernery and Jungle where too I sat on the benches. I do not know what has happend to my bag," answered Champaka.

"Any thing of value in your bag? Any money in it?" enquired Shiv.

"Not much of money but only one or two things I would need when I am out in the evening walk," replied Champaka.

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes, I shall try if I can get you your bag." With that Shiv rushed to the Fernery where he could not find the bag. But his good nature was rewarded when he went about carefully peering into every nook and corner of the shady bowers of the Jungle for the bag was there under one of the seats.

Shiv was really glad; he restored the bag to the handsome owner and wanted to take leave. But no.

Champaka was so gushing in her gratitude that Shiv

—as it they had been friends for years.

could not leave her. On the other hand;

Shiv found his arm linked with that of Champaka and they were both walking along the cool paths of the public park as if they had been friends for years.

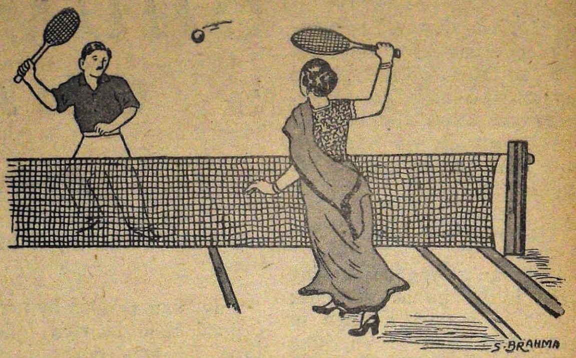
However, things must end; eternity has a break; and Champaka's arm too released Shiv's arm not before Shiv parted with his five tenners which he happened to have and a fine diamond ring which, as he thought was his good luck, fitted Champaka's ring finger and which present again she was so graceful as to accept, as Shiv so proudly thought.

* * *

RAMJI was hurrying to his tennis court with bat in hand: If ever there was a sportsman—with the true spirit of sport running in his veins, it was Ramji.

Champaka thought she would have a set or two of tennis. She took her bat and walked over to the tennis court. She was not a member of Ramji's Club. But that did not matter. She approached Ramji and with a modest smile: "Can I have a set or two in your court? Of course, I am not a member of your club. But I am away from my place. And I thought I would have some sets out here."

Ramji was a true gent: he welcomed Champaka with a most brotherly kindness to his court and asked her to play. They played a few vigorous sets and both enjoyed themselves immensely. Ramji was so pleased with Champaka's



—played a few vigorous sets—

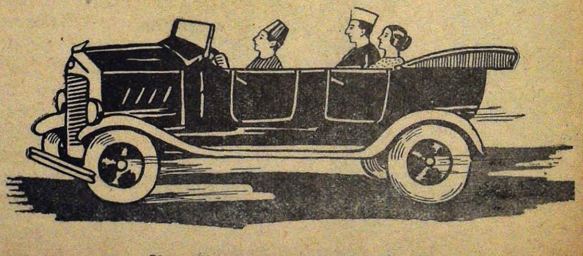
game that he begged her to visit his court as often as she pleased and give the members the pleasure of her excellent play. So pleased was Ramji that before parting, he presented Champaka with some of his own trophies and one or two valuable things as a kind of keepsake of his regard for her; which she very considerately did.

* * *

Simha is a leader: he might have worked his way to very decent positions had he only cared to be pleasant to the Govt. But he didn't care. Evidently he was satisfied with what his rich father and uncle and grandfather had left him. He was often found pitted against the Govt. with the result that he was known as a great popular leader, who gave plentifully for popular cause and charities.

Champaka had rambled far far away and could not get back as she had taken a route which buses or bandies do not ply about. She was almost stranded when Simha coming city-ward found her on the way. How it happened that Simha knew of her difficulty it is not possible to know. The fact remains that Simha was made to find out that a refined lady like Champaka was there and that she needed being given a lift in his car: which he did as he was only bound to do.

Champaka came home in Simha's car having been forced to accept the badge of the Bharat Service Sisterhood



Champaka came home in Simha's car.

set in gems with a solid gold chain to hang it round the neck and a few other costly jewellery so necessary for the more cultured lady pātriots who carry on the higher duties of our Sacred Motherland.

* * *

Dileep was a fine fellow: to know him was to be the victim of his practical jokes: trying as some of his tricks were, you couldn't help taking a fancy for Dileep: a fine

"Really, Ramji, does she play so well as that?" wondered Dileep.

"Dileep, old man, there is no use of wondering. You must play a few sets with her. You will have an idea of what it is then. I was so pleased that I presented her with my own trophies. I thought she deserved them better than I did," bubbled over Ramji.

"I see, Ramji, that lady Champaka does play the

—pushed Champaka aside—

fellow with the frame of a man and the heart of a pure and simple boy.

He was a universal favorite. He knew Shiv and learnt from him about Champaka and how he was lucky enough to restore her hand bag and one or two small tokens of his regard.

Dileep met Ramji and had a few sets of Tennis with Ramji. And Ramji tells Dileep about the excellent game that Champaka played.

game," and Dileep left Ramji.

Simha met Dileep: old friends they were; and Simha expressed his admiration of Champaka as the latest recruit to the holy cause of the sacred motherland. Dileep told Ramji about Champaka's work for the great cause and how he had equipped her with brilliant badges and attractive patriotic jewellery just as you find among Free Masons or Companions of Exalted Orders.

Dileep thought he would like to meet Champaka. He was too nimble a fellow to miss her. Champaka did come across Dileep. And only a few minutes and a few more words bound them into such good friends that Champaka took Dileep home and showed him some of the many nice things her friends had given her. Champaka perhaps thought Dileep would follow the handsome example of Ramji or Simha or Shiv.

But Dileep was Dileep. He saw that Champaka was too powerful and magnetic a lady for his friends. He held Champaka aside; picked up what his friends had been relieved from; gave them back what they had yielded to the refined lady.

A wealthy man was being bored at lunch by a young man who monopolized the conversation, and finally passed round his sleeve-links for inspection.

"Genuine malachite," said he.

"Yes," said the wealthy man. "It's a stone I like. I have several mantelpieces made of the stuff."

* *

Manager: "You say you understand two languages. What are they?"

Pretty Typist: "Flowers and stamps!"

* *

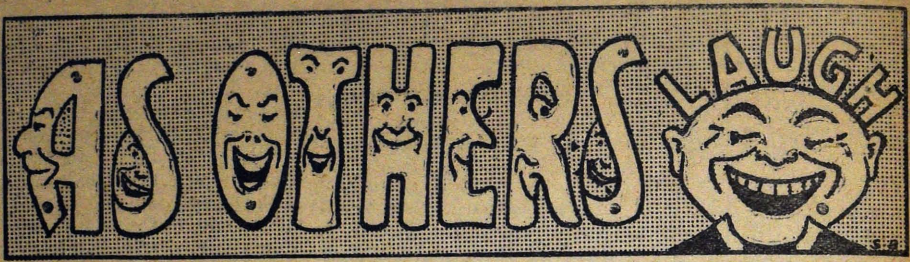
"Will you take the large four-shilling cookery book or the small two-shilling one?"

"I think the two-shilling one will be sufficient. We are small eaters."

* *

"Harold, you naughty boy," exclaimed his mother, "you came home to dinner covered with dirt, and after all my trouble tidying you up off you went and had another fight."

"No, mother," corrected Harold, cheerfully. "It was the same fight. We only knocked off for dinner."



Maid: "Please, Mrs. Whaite, will you come up to the bathroom at once? I can't make out whether Mr. Whaite is scalding to death or singing"

* *

Two Negroes were boasting about the merits of their respective motor-cars, both worn, shabby, old wrecks.

One of them said, "Dey's jus' one reason why Ah cain't run dis cah o' mine 200 miles a houah."

"An' whut's dat reason?" asked the other.

"De distance is too long 'fo' de shortness of de time," said the first.

* *

Landlord: "I'm glad you've stopped complaining about the plaster falling."

Tenant: "Yes; it's all down now."

* *

"And did you visit New York, Chicago and St. Louis when you were in the United States?"

"I really don't know. You see, George bought all the tickets."

* *

Visitor (hungry): "And what time do you have your dinner, my little man?"

Little Man: "Soon as you've gone, I heard ma say."

* *

A landlord complains that whenever he tries to collect rent from a certain tenant he is thrown downstairs. We're not well up in these matters but maybe the fellow doesn't want to pay his rent.

* *

We read that artificial dentures lost by a visitor in a London bathing pool have been sent back to him. Now, of course, he is all smiles again.

An American film actress has insured her face for a large sum. There was nearly a hitch in the preliminary negotiations when one of the company's officials insisted on knowing how long she'd had it.

* *

"A keen commercial traveller should run up office stairs two at a time," says a business magnate. Thus keeping himself in good trim for a possible descent of the same stairs all at a time.

* *

The second-hand car owner, according to a manufacturer, finds that two things suffer more than any others from wear and tear. His shoes?

* *

A circus animal trainer hopes to attempt to swim the Channel next year. There is no truth whatever in the rumour that he is to be surreptitiously towed across by his favourite sea-lion.

* *

A parrot owned by a Birmingham resident says nothing but "Where is the darn' thing?... Where is the darn' thing?" This should be a lesson to wives to keep an ample supply of reserve collarstuds in the house.

* *

A girl at an East Coast resort was blown right off her feet into the arms of a man whom she subsequently married. Bachelors are complaining that even the climate seems against them.

* *

Moths can emit sounds, a scientist tells us. He claims to have heard the rallying cry of a scouting moth, which can be freely translated: "Hi, fellers, there's a new pair of flannel bags in the wardrobe!"

He: "Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She: "I couldn't say—I've never ——"

He: "You've never been kissed?"

She: "I've never been ill."

* *

Wife (back from the shops): "Well, dear, I've found just the costume I've been looking for."

Husband: "Splendid! I certainly couldn't have afforded to buy it for you."

* *

Him: "I hope you'll dance with me to-night."

Her: "Oh, certainly. I hope you don't think I came down here merely for pleasure."

* *

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I want you to bear in mind that the affix 'stan' means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans. Can anyone give me another example?"

Nobody seemed anxious to do so until little Jimmy said, proudly: "Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas!"

* *

"What's leisure, Daddy?"

"Leisure, my boy, is the two minutes' rest a man gets while his wife is hunting up something else for him to do."

* *

"When you quarrelled to-day, you let your husband have the last word! But, my dear——"

"You see, I wanted to give him a little pleasure; it's his birthday."

NEVER MIND, GANESH!

— BY "DEVA" —

UNRUFFLED by the musical croakings of Hippopotamus Desikachari on the radio, Mr. Jegan puffed at his four-for-a-pice cigar complacently. Seated beside him on the low compound-wall of the Presidency College was his companion and keen listener Mr. Kamath.

An orange sun was illuminating the Marina, and from their vantage position, the two friends could see now on the pavement over across the road a young couple walking hand-in-hand.

"Quite a nice young couple," observed Mr. Jegan approvingly.

"Couple?" asked Mr. Kamath sceptically. "Do you mean a *married* couple?"

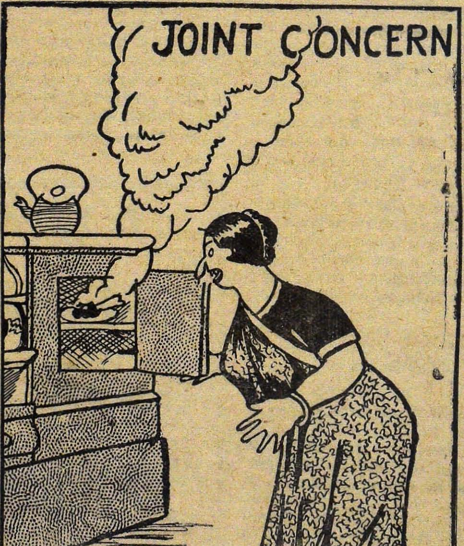
"Sure enough, though to one inexperienced in the vagaries of girls in choosing their husbands, he would appear as her younger brother. Though he scarecly reaches to her ears in spite of all his cap and high-heeled shoes, he has or in most probability, *she* has managed to tie the marriage knot. And, believe me, it would have been a love-marriage at that."

"Does that not remind you of anything?" prompted Mr. Kamath hopefully.

Of course, yes!—the story of Ganesh and Kamatchi, both of them my class-mates in the 6th form. Theirs, (said Mr. Jegan) is a poignant yet beautiful story of the love of a boy for a girl far above his level, socially as well as physically—but with only this difference, that there were *no* marriage bells in their case.

THE only redeeming feature of our High School, the Sadayan Memorial High School at Samakott, was that, apart from the existence of two comedians on its staff, to wit the Tamil Pandit and the Geography teacher, it admitted girl-students for the High School classes. That was how we were fortunate in having a girl as our class-mate in the 6th form. Only one girl, yet she was sufficient. Even our Tamil Pandit, an old man with a moustache which was completely grey excepting in places where particles of snuff were hanging from it, could never conceal the tremor in his voice whenever his eyes involuntarily happened to wander towards Kamatchi's seat in the class-room.

How we fellows screamed to get her composition note-book every week and thus to give her an idea how we were esteeming her English, though to tell the truth, after copying her composition, we got only 2½ to 3 marks out of ten! How we all clamoured to do a bit of service to her now and then, like sharpening her lead-pencils when they got blunt or broken! We were forty-two boys in the class and



none of us, except one, could remember having ever let slip an opportunity of speaking to her and winning a smile from her sweet lips. Well, that exception was Ganesh, a small lean fellow, young and somewhat fair, if a face with a prominent nose sticking before it, could be called fair. Though he had the enviable luck of occupying the seat next to Kamatchi's or Kam's (as we used to call her) corner seat, he was apparently that shy and timid he was never known to have spoken to the girl for once; we attributed this to one thing. A favourite joke with us was to say that God absent-mindedly used up all the clay He had in stock in making up Ganesh's nose so much so He had no clay left over to add a few more inches to his height: The stature of Ganesh could be aptly conveyed in the exclamation of surprise uttered by our Mathematics Teacher once when he chided Ganesh for not standing up while replying to him and found afterwards, that Ganesh had been really standing and not sitting as the Teacher had supposed.

But we were soon to learn that after all it was not Ganesh's diffidence and the feeling of inferiority complex that made him cold and indifferent to the beauty and charm of Kam. It was after the evening games one day and we were speaking naturally about Kam. We had heard, only earlier in the evening, of the intention of Kam's father, a rich retired Government officer, to marry her to a blooming I.C.S. fellow soon after her Public Examination was over.

"A good and befitting choice" we were opining. The news was a pleasant one to us, for we had always considered Kam as a girl worthy of any man, let him only be a man worthy of her too. We never could dare to imagine ourselves in relation to her as more than her intimate friends and admirers.

But to our great surprise, the news had a staggering effect on Ganesh who was then standing with us.

"You mean to say she is going to be married?" he croaked tremulously.

"We mean so, you proboscis", one Saravanan said laughing "The fellow has after all taken interest in her."

Ganesh only clicked his tongue, and gulped before he asked, "To whom? An I. C. S. youth?"

We nodded our heads silently and understandingly. We were beginning to see through him. We had only to look once again at his pale features to reassure ourselves of what we had already guessed. Have you ever studied the face of a fellow soon after he was told that the girl of his dreams is to be taken under his very nose for being married to another fellow—and in this case under such a large nose as Ganesh's?

Suddenly, when formerly we would have joked about it, we began to pity. Our heart went right out with Ganesh. Here was a fellow, we meant to reason within ourselves, who short, nose-y and poor as Ganesh was, had given his heart to the love of a girl, tall, enchanting and rich as Kam was. A case of hopeless love we thought. But this feeling of sympathy with Ganesh prevailed only for a time. As soon as he, in a state of dejection and moral break-up, retired from our company, we looked at one another and finally chuckled delightfully. After all, a hopeless love would be hopeless, but a practical joke would be a joke! We put our heads together and came to an agreeable conclusion before we dispersed that evening.

Three of us, including myself, were in a way favourites with Kam. By this I mean that when we cracked a joke now and then at her expense, she would only smile and try to retort. The few minutes before the 1 o'clock bell for beginning the classes, would usually find us three as often as not in a nice little conversation with her. It was in one of these moments, that Narayanan broke the ice for materializing our contemplated practical joke.

He casually drifted the conversation to the subject of speed in handwriting. Gently we led it to an argument on. "Do girls write speedier than boys?" While Narayanan moved that girls don't, I said, yes, they can and opposed his motion.

Finally I said that only a practical test could decide the vital question and Narayanan countered with: "Why not? Kam and I will compete. Dictate a passage to us and we will take it down." And Kam said: 'Of course' and asked Narayanan what handicap he would like to have. I produced a passage from my brain-works on the spot and the competing teams took it down as I dictated with their name at the end. Of course, Kam won!

By nature, Kam had not been endowed with much of that grey matter so vital for one to be able to see through a game. That was why when she handed over her speed-test paper *duly signed by her*, she did not pause to read what the words were actually about.

On the other hand, Ganesh was a fellow who would not accept anything without evidences beyond suspicion. His brains were of a nature we had to reckon with not playfully. A slight incongruity, however insignificant and unnoticeable to the ordinary eye other than Ganesh's, would shatter to pieces the whole scheme of things. Even as it was, when Ganesh found a folded

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letter in his English Text-book while going through it at home a certain night; he sniffed at it suspiciously.

"My God! Can it be true?" he asked himself several times before the truth of the letter being in the exact handwriting of the girl of his dreams, could actually impress itself on his mind beyond doubt. "Too long a letter to be a forgery and secondly what a fool he had been not to have understood her before," he thought a little afterwards. Then he jumped for mere joy and when his head trumped against a low rafter, he saw, mixed up with several little stars a vision of a beautiful girl kissing him "in the VI form room at 5-15 on Tuesday". By a rapid calculation, he realized that Tuesday was just four days hence and what a pity he would have to wait so long!

On Tuesday, ours was the pleasure to see from our seats in the class-room a neat tidy fellow dressed in his best clothes sitting in his usual seat near Kam. We were even able to notice an electric wave passing through his whole body when Kam, as was her wont, touched his nose when the Tamil Pandit was not looking. Ganesh read now in that little gesture of hers, a long-concealed love now trying to express itself; whereas on former occasions the same habit of Kam had been considered by him as a little deplorable, regrettable and embarrassing on the part of a girl whom he liked intensely.

Our classes would all be over at 4-30 p m. and you could never see a single fellow in the school premises beyond 4-35. So on that Tuesday when Ganesh approached yet feverishly the 6th form room at 5 p m., he was not at all surprised to find the verandah outside it completely deserted and nobody to observe him.

But he got a surprise all right a minute later. On nearing the room, he found its door shut and what was more, he heard some strange noises proceeding from within the room.

Gently he tapped on the door. But no answer came except by way of noises as would be made by two gentlemen or ladies rhythmically walking on hard hob-nailed boots

After waiting in vain for two minutes, he pushed in the door and walked in. The next moment he started back in affright and embarrassment, at seeing a dhoby's pet quadruped rushing towards the open door and to freedom. Dangling from its neck, Ganesh saw, was a cardbord bearing the legend in block-letters: "COME ALONG! YOU DARLING PROBOSCIS!!"

Anxious to get away before any one saw him at this unpleasant hour, Ganesh shot out from the room, but only to fall into our laps a second later at the farther end of the verandah!

* *

"Did Ganesh ever tackle Kam on the subject?" asked Mr. Kamath.

"Never! He had not the courage," Mr. Jegan replied. "If he had, it might have altered the course of events in his life, but as it was, Kam *was* in due course married to the I. C. S. fellow, and Ganesh went on his way smiling, which was all he could do in the circs."

VINAYAGAR'S FAITHLESSNESS

— BY "SOCKS" —

In a certain village there were many burglaries. The police was so clever that the thieves got away undetected with their loot. One morning Murugan was hard pressed for money, and he thought. "Why can't I burgle a house and get away undetected like the others?" But he hesitated a little as he had not done any burglaries before. Then casting his fear to the winds, he took courage and went about the village surveying and planning a burglary. On the verandah of a house, he saw a Chettiar with his bulging stomach, seated on a stool, chewing betels. He knew that the Chettiar was a money lender and pawnbroker, and lived there alone. The Chettiar's house was a two-storied building with many windows. There was a door at the front and another at the back of the building. When Murugan saw the Chettiar and the house, he began to build a castle in the air, and thought that he was in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. He exclaimed, "Oh! I can very easily handle this Chettiar who can't move an inch with that fatty stomach of his. I will be a very rich man. I can now say good-bye to that thing called poverty. I will marry a pretty wife. I will kick her if she disobeys me. Who is to prevent me?"

* *

The time was midnight, and Murugan prepared to go on his errand. On his way to the Chettiar's house was an image of the god "Vinayagar," in an isolated place. Murugan took three cocoanuts (to be on the safe side) and broke them at the feet of this "Vinayagar," saying "Oh, Dhondhi Ganapathi! I am going to burgle a Chettiar's house. You must safeguard me. I will give you a part of the loot."

After satisfying himself that "Vinayagar" would be his guardian angel, Murugan went to the Chettiar's house. He made entry by forcing open the door at the back of the house. He advanced into the house with the softness of a cat. He carried a torch light with the aid of which he found his way to the safe. He tried to open it but couldn't. He scratched his head but no inspiration came. He gave two good knocks on his head, still no salvation. What was he to do? He was a novice at this art. He tried his best—even his very best to open the safe but it wouldn't move an inch. He knocked his head against the safe and it pained him very much. He got angry—very angry. He thought of taking vengeance on the safe for hurting his head and got hold of a chair. Bang! Bang! came down the chair on the safe and the noise woke up the Chettiar who was sleeping upstairs. He thought that the noise was made by a rat. When the noise again reached his ears, it sounded like that of a cat. The noise was getting louder and louder. No, it couldn't be that of a cat. Then what could it be? What if a burglar was downstairs? This thought made the Chettiar to shiver from head to foot. His limbs refused

to function. Little by little he overcame his fright with the thought of his wealth downstairs. He took courage into his hands—into his very hands. He thought that if he took an ordinary oil lamp, the burglar would take to his heels. So he felt his way in darkness, as the house was familiar to him. He slowly opened the door of the room whence the noise came. The room was in darkness. It took him few seconds to get accustomed to the darkness. He didn't hear any sound. Did he come down on a fool's errand after all ? No. His head came in contact with something, or rather something came in contact with his head. The next second he measured his length on the floor. When he opened his eyes, he saw Marugan bending over him and a lamp burning in the room. He closed his eyes again and pretended to be unconscious. But Murugan, seeing this trick, shook him up threatening to kill him. The Chettiar, trembling all over and with clattering teeth, begged for mercy, saying, "Oh, S—Sw—Swa—Swami! Don't K—K—Kill M—M—Me." He gave the safe-key to Murugan who was very pleased with himself for his luck. Murugan opened the safe and brought out gold jewellery, coins, and notes. He was about to put all those into a bag he brought for the purpose, when the Chettiar, who by this time recovered his courage, cried out, "Please hold on a minute." Murugan wondered what was up in the wind. The Chettiar took pen and ink and wrote down the value of the different jewellery and the amount in cash. When asked why he did that, he told Murugan that he wanted to think that he had given him (Murugan) a loan of those jewelleries and cash. Murugan laughed and laughed and laughed till his stomach said that it would burst if he laughed any more. Carrying the bag with all his loot, he left the huose warning the Chettiar not to breathe a word of this incident to anybody. No sooner Murugan left the house than the Chettiar noted the direction he took, and, going to the police, put them on to his scent.

* *

Murugan, passing the image of "Vinayagar," threw a necklace at the "Vinayagar" without stopping, and went away as fast as his legs could carry him. But the necklace, instead of falling on "Vinayagar's" neck, fell on Padasamy's neck, who, being very pious, was kneeling and praying to "Vinayagar" at that time. Unaware of this gift he went on praying solemnly. He looked askance when he was pulled up by his ears. He was surprised to see two policemen. One of them remarked, "So you are caught at last."

"What do you mean?" demanded Padasamy.

"You know what I mean. Where have you hidden them?"

"Hidden what? I think you are making a grave mistake."

"Making a mistake? Eh! What is that round your neck?" Padasamy felt something round his neck and took it out. He beheld a gold necklace and couldn't understand how it came on his person. The policemen asked him where he had hidden the rest of the loot but he couldn't understand anything. He pleaded ignorance, but the policemen wouldn't believe him. Thinking that he was telling lies, they gave him blows right and left and took him to the police station. The Chettiar was called to identify the prisoner, and he declared that the prisoner was not the burglar and that the necklace was one of the stolen jewelleries. The police was at a loss, seeing that there was a mistake somewhere. At this juncture Murugan was brought in by a policeman on patrol duty. The latter said, "I saw Murugan coming half walking and half running, and suspected that something must be the matter with him. Why should he hurry like that at this time of night with a heavy bag? I asked him what was in the bag and he blinked like an owl. I opened the bag and found it full of gold jewellery, coins, and notes. I queried how they came into his possession but he couldn't answer. So, suspecting that he might have burgled some house, I have brought him here."

The Chettiar identified the burglar, Murugan, and the stolen jewellery and cash.

Murugan was put into a cell awaiting trial. He cursed the "Vinayagar" for not safeguarding him after accepting the three cocoanuts and the golden necklace.

Film Producer: "In this scene you're blown into the air and caught by an aeroplane."

Film Star: "I see. But what if the aeroplane isn't there?"

"Well, don't wait; come down."

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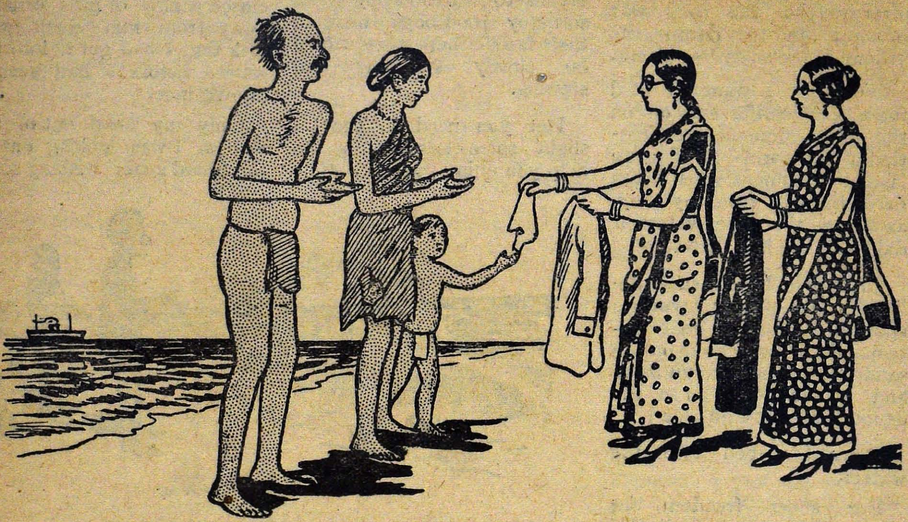
Dangers of the Deep

: : BY "OMAR" : :



Two young ladies—Heaven bless them—gave clothing.

THE Sea—The Deep—

Wild waste of waters!

Yet, how changing its views and how various its hues! How much it has soaked its salt waters into our affairs!

And who would not love it? Who would not carve out a career for himself on the wide waves of the ocean?

I always had a fascination for the sea. Even now I assert with all the vehemence of my pen (a soft nibbed fountpen) and paper that India must ride over the waters of the ocean and make a name for herself in the Navies of the World.

Yet, I must confess to a feeling of horror of the sea.

Ramble where I may, for years together I used to get to the shore on the full moon day and watch the queen of the night gradually coming out of her watery cradle with a dance and a laugh which myriads of wavelets catch on their crests.

Yet, as I said, I must confess to a feeling of a kind of indignation whenever I think of what happened to me at the hands of the sea.

From boyhood sea-baths had a lure for me. Dozens of time had I come under the paternal ferule for having had a sea-bath which the tell-tale sands betrayed to my father, who, out of merest love and anxiety for my safety, would chastise me all too severely to keep me off the danger. Only to whet my skin for another dip all the more eagerly—the more severely it is denied.

It was one muggy afternoon: we were getting slimy and oily and could hardly endure our clothing in the office. I got up; donned my turban; and my coat and my shoes and cleared out straight

for the shore: made for the cove—the sheltered bit of shore—luckily not a soul far as the eye can see.

Looked as if, when the Earth was made, the Sun was made too to give us a bit of shine and shade, but of a power too severe to endure—and as an afterthought the sea was brought in to dâmp the ardour of the relentless blazer.

Not that I want to hold forth a scientific sermon on the programme of the Creation of the world—all I mean is, at the moment when I was extracting oils from my body, as I saw the blue waters, it did strike me like that.

Often had I had such delightful dips at my favourite spot: so I pulled of coat, turban and all, threw them on the sands for a touch of sun bath, and, let the world go to the deuce, I almost said aloud.

Down I rushed into the waters.

For sheer freedom, for sheer joy, for sheer feeling of self-confidence, I dashed about my unfettered limbs—I am not sure I did not shout—a thousand things that a care-free body, free from the tyranny of ties and laces and garters—had all left me and I was away from their clutches and moved about as easy and supple as the fishes of the sea.

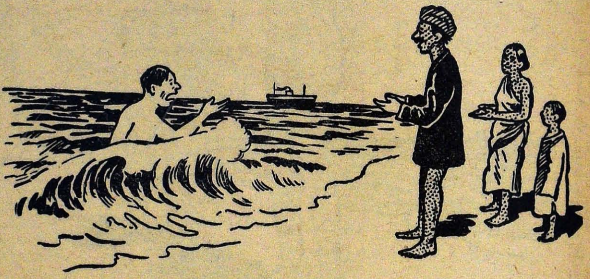
How long I was away from the world and its affairs, immersed, not in the sea, but in Freedom, in full free freedom, I cannot say. I felt I had had enough of it.

But do you know when we are so happy there is a back ground of sadness about it? I am not waxing philosophical—I never pretended to that kind of stuff—I am only a touring representative of our firm. But as I was feeling so light and cheery, ah, poor fellows, there at the desk, still running their pens along the files and registers and papers—ah, how selfish to feel so happy when so many good boys—none of their fault either—they should be slowly steaming and stewing.

But you need it, such a slight sorrowless sorrow, to help you enjoy yourself. The away from the coast a furlong or too up and down the coast where I got in for my plunge. But not a trace of anything like clothing. Barring the pebbles and shells, there was nothing to suggest the neat packet of clothing I had left.

A more careful view disclosed a pair of girls walking away from me. Such good luck that I had got in into the waters before I had seen a human face.

Only my head out of the waters, I was looking out on the broad coast wishing some



There stood three figures before me.

moment I thought of my friends, it flashed across my mind that I was a selfish creature, pure and simple.

I ran for the shore, I thought I owed it to my own better self to give up the delight which I had all for myself without others sharing in it. God's light, sea-bath and fresh air were the birthright of every man.

I just came up on the shore only to find that I had to run back into the waters. For, where were my clothes? There was no mistaking the spot—that was my favourite spot where the sea and I meet to get her embrace. I paddled kindly deity would drop me two or three yards of any cloth to enable me to get home as best I could—

Sree Krishna, our old old Puranas tell us, did that kindly office in former days. But then that was for a royal queen: Even those on high have a softer heart for the mighty.

I was musing: I couldn't do better—

"Sir, Master, Sir—"

A number of voices from the shore. I look out: there stood before me three figures.

Three figures, for a moment I thought thus—which the

deity had brought in in reply to my appeals, with my clothes hanging on them!

Only for a moment I thought so: for they moved and stretched out their arms and sent up follow-appeals to their previous ones:

"Sir, Master, Sir——."

"Yes, what is it you want?" I asked.

"Only this, master; two young ladies——Heaven bless them—those lovely angels—they gave us clothing. My wife has a saree; I have something on my back and on my head; even the boy has a jacket, master. We only want the fare to take us to our place," cried the three.

Angels, the two angels, Heaven hang them, I muttered. There was my turban—the long fine silk shemla—the woman's sari—my dhotie was the man's turban; my coat was his; my shirt was on the boy! Splendid work the two angels had done!

Nor could I come out in their presence and claim my own clothes. With darkness the three disappeared thinking the angels had done them enough good for the day.

Don't ask me how I survived to narrate this: but I did get home—rather late that night.

Thanks to the vigilant policeman—he thought I was taking the route to Eternity *via* the Deep. He asked me to come out.

I wouldn't. I refused. He blew his whistle: three men rushed to the spot: they wanted me to come out.

I wouldn't.

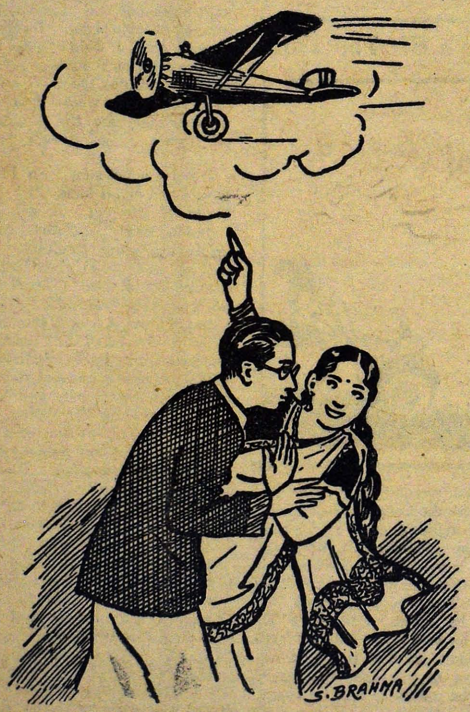
"Why wouldn't you come out?"

"I can't. I have no clothing," said I.

"Where is yours?"

"You had better catch the man who has taken them away, before you harass the man who has lost his."

Thanks to the good police. Let politicians say what they please against the police methods. I owe my deliverance that day from the horror of the deep entirely to the police.



The shy girl:—"No, no, don't kiss for Heaven's sake, maybe somebody is looking at us there!

Two film magnates were talking.

"How'd the new picture turn out, Julius?" asked the first.

"Not so good, Sol," replied his companion. "I'm afraid it's only colossal."

* *

Goldman sent his four-year-old son to school and the little fellow didn't know his name.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know," said the boy.

"Well, what does your mother call you when breakfast is ready in the morning?"

"She doesn't have to call me," was the response. "I'm there already!"

WHO THE BIGGEST FOOL ?

— BY G. JAYARAJ —

One day four old farmers, travelling together on a country road, were met by a youth who saluted them as a mark of respect to the elders. The farmers continued their journey in silence. When they went a few yards, one of them broke the silence by saying to the others, " You will admit that the youth, whom we met on the way, was a man of exceptional politeness and discernment. Did you notice how he singled me out and how carefully he saluted me ?"

" It was not you whom he saluted," replied the farmer who was seated next to him, " It was I whom he particularly saluted."

" You are both mistaken," exclaimed the third, " I can assure you that the salutation was meant for me alone, and the proof is that when he saluted, his eyes were fixed upon me."

" Not at all." replied the fourth, " It was I whom he saluted. Did you not see me smile and accept his salutation with a wink of my eye ?"

The argument grew so warm that the four men were at last on the point of coming to blows when one of them cried as follows. " What fools are we to quarrel thus and come to no conclusion. Let us therefore run after the youth and ascertain from him the person whom he saluted."

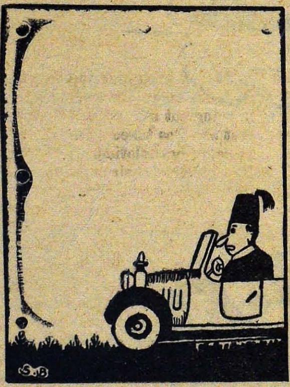
The next minute found them in hot pursuit of the youth. They were out of breath when they caught sight of him and begged him to stop. One by one related to him the story of their argument and wished to know which one of the four he saluted.

Perceiving that he had saluted four fools and repenting for the same, the youth coolly replied that his salutation was meant for the greatest fool of the four. The next moment he was gone.

The farmers, puzzled at this answer, turned back and continued their journey in perfect silence. But the salutation of the youth had taken such a strong hold of them that they could remain silent no longer. Therefore the argument was renewed more furiously than before. This time to find out who the greatest fool of the four was.

To claim this extraordinary distinction, the dispute rose to its highest pitch and a free fight ensued. A policeman came on the scene and promptly marched them off to the police station.

This is a Bit Too Thick



The next morning they were produced before the Court of Justice on a charge of fighting on a public road. When they related their story and wished to know who the greatest fool was, the whole court burst into fits of laughter. The Judge ordered the Court to be silent. Addressing the four men, he said, " On this evidence it is difficult to find out who the greatest fool of you four is. But if each of you relate a true incident, which happened in your life and which you think is [the greatest folly ever done by a man, it will help the Court to find out who the greatest foo is and confer the title accordingly."

All the four farmers having agreed to this proposal, each one wanted to be the first to narrate. The court, deciding finally by drawing numbers, gave permission to farmer No. 1 to proceed with his story.

STORY OF FARMER No. 1

POLLUTED CLOTHS.

Some years ago there lived a very rich man in our neighbourhood, who was very very charitable. One day he presented me with two pieces of the finest cloth that had ever been seen in our country at that time. I showed them to all of my friends, who admired them greatly. Before wearing them on, I hung them up to dry in the sun (which is my usual custom with any new garment) by fastening the ends to two trees, when I noticed a pig (the most detestable and uncleanest beast) running beneath them. Its speed was so great that I didn't have time to observe whether it touched my clothes and thus polluted them. I asked my children, who were then nearby, whether they saw the animal touch my clothes. They all said, " no."

But I was not sure. So I decided to go down on all fours till I was the height of the pig. In this posture, I crawled under the clothes, asking my children to watch carefully. Then I rose up and asked them whether I touched the clothes. I leapt up with joy when they said, " No." Instantly a second thought flashed into my mind. What if the beast had touched my clothes with its tail ? So to be quite sure, I fastened a piece of stick to my back pointing upwards, and began to crawl again under the clothes. Before I could stand on my toes, my children cried aloud that this time my supposed tail touched the clothes. This put me into such a rage that I took my scythe and ran after the vile animal, vowing to kill it at any cost. But, alas ! I couldn't find it anywhere. I returned in a great fury and tore the polluted garments into one thousand and one bits (to be exact). This news spread thorughout the country and I was everywhere proclaimed the biggest fool on earth. From that day onwards whenever I begged for some clothes, my fellow countrymen simply mocked at me and replied, " Who the devil would ever dream of giving any clothes for you to tear ?" Am I not therefore

the greatest fool that deserves the title ?"

* * *

STORY OF FARMER No. 2

A Barber's Monkey Prank.

One evening I called in a barber to give me a clean shave. When he had finished, I told my wife to give him a copper for his troubles ; but she gave him two by mistake. In vain did I request the barber to return me the other coin. He was obstinate and refused to give it back. The more I insisted the more stubborn he became. He said that he would give me a shave free another day. "Certainly not," said I, "either you return the money or give me another shave now itself. Do you think I am such a fool as to allow you to run away with easy money ?" But the barber replied that it was mere foolishness to shave me again, as I had a shave already. He further said that he would shave somebody else for that extra copper. I was determined not to allow the rascal of a barber to get away with my copper. So I called my wife and asked the barber to shave her head off. My wife, being unwilling, tried to run away. But, I held her tight while the barber shaved her head completely. My wife was crying and struggling the whole time. She abused and cursed both of us. But I let her rave, for I preferred to see her head clean shaven rather than to give this villain of a barber the extra money which he had not rightly earned. My wife, deprived of her beautiful hair, hid herself through shame and dared not come out of the house again. The barber had related this incident to each and everyone he met on the road. He even took the trouble of visiting my mother-in-law's house to do mischief. The 'foolishness' of mine and the mischievous action of the barber made me a general laughing-stock of my neighbourhood.

It is our custom that a wife is shaved when she commits adultery. So thinking that my wife had committed adultery, my neighbours gathered at my door-steps and demanded my wife to be pushed out of the house, so that she may be further punished suitably and publicly in order to set an example to other wives.

In the meantime my wife's parents arrived. Just imagine their feeling at the sight of their unfortunate daughter. At this time I was safely hidden by my friends, else I would have not been alive to-day to relate this. My father-in-law, finding me nowhere, took away his daughter secretly in the night through fear of the public.

The next morning the crowd thronged again at my house and cried aloud to bring out my wife. I told them that she was taken away to a far away place by her relations during the night. Hearing this, their anger increased and some reffian-looking fellows advanced towards me, and seizing me by my throat, demanded to know the name of the person with whom my wife misbehaved in order that he might be persecuted. I solemnly told them all what had really happened. They went away cursing me and calling me the greatest fool on earth. This, your honour, is a superior folly to that of farmer No. 1. Therefore I beg that I should be given the title.

* *

STORY OF FARMER No. 3

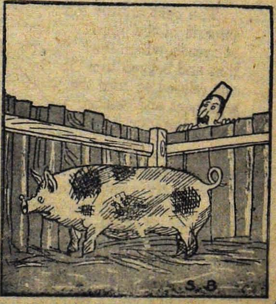
A Worthless Bet.

One night whilst going to bed I told my wife, 'Let us take a bet to see who will keep silent longer." 'Certainly,' said she. Having made a wager, we both went to sleep without another word.

The next morning there was no sign of our coming out. The other people in the house called out each of us by name, but received no answer. They shouted louder, and still there was silence. Then they knocked violently at the door of our room but to no purpose. Thinking that we had died suddenly during the night, they forced open the door. Judge their surprise when they found both of us wide awake and in the best of health but deprived of speech. Various means were adopted to induce us to speak but without success. The whole neighbourhood flocked at our house to see this mysterious happening. Many of them said that some evil spirit might have made its abode in our bodies. So a magician was brought to cast out the spirit. As soon as he arrived, he began by fixing his eyes on us for some time. Then he walked round us several times chanting strange words. He felt different parts of our bodies and did many other strange things. At last he declared that we were really under the influence of a very dangerous spirit. Considering the difficulties that he would have in expelling the evil spirit, he demanded 10 gold coins to meet the expense. Receiving the required money, he left the place promising to come back with the necessary things, but never returned. Meanwhile an old hermit, who was passing our house at the time, heard the news. Undertaking to cure us, he asked for a small bar of iron. He heated it almost to melting point. Then taking it up with a pair of forceps, he applied it red-hot to the sole of my foot, my elbows, on the pit of my stomach, and lastly on the top of my head. I endured this torture without a murmur rather than lose the bet and thus to give in to my wife

Getting Slack

A Dirty Squealer



by speaking. The hermit then approached my wife and applied the red-hot bar of iron to the soles of her feet. But no sooner did she feel the effects of the burning iron than she cried out, "Enough! Enough!" Then telling me that she was the loser of the bet, she gave me a brass pin which was our wager. I had to spend a good lot to cure my burns. Am I not therefore the biggest fool, my lord?

• • •

STORY OF FARMER No, 4

WIFE EXCHANGED FOR A LAME BULLOCK.

I married a young wife and stayed with her only for two days, when I was called away on an urgent business to my country. I left her behind, and returned after three weary months to take her to my mother's house. I was well received by my parents-in-law. They gave a grand feast to their neighbours in honour of my visit. After receiving blessings from my parents-in-law, we, I and my wife, started on our journey to my country on foot. On our way we had to cross a desert. It happened to be the hottest season of the year. The heat on that day was very terrible and it told heavily on my wife who had been brought up in comfort. Unable to endure the fatigues of this desert journey, she fell down unconsciously. My distress may be easily imagined. I sat by her side but couldn't think what to do. At this time a merchant came that way, leading a number of bullocks laden with various kinds of goods. I told him my trouble with tears in my eyes and begged for his advice. The merchant, looking at my wife intently, informed me that, in consequence of the stifling heat then prevailing, the girl's life would be in danger whether she remained there or proceeded any further on her journey. He further said, "You will be subjected to the pain of seeing your wife perish before your very eyes and, in consequeuce, you will be suspected of killing her." I asked in despair, "Then what shall I do?" "I advise you to give her up to me," he said, "I will put her on the back of one of my bullocks and take her away with me to the nearest physician and thus save her life. When she is quite cured, I will write to you. You may take one of my bullocks as a souvenir of this incident, and go home in peace." His advice seemed reasonable and I thanked him very much for his kindness and offer. When we lifted my wife and placed her on one of his bullocks, he made haste to continue his journey, leaving behind a bullock for me. I also continued my journey on that bullock, but soon found that it was lame and unable to carry me. So I had to drag it all the way to my house. I remembered then that I had forgotten to give him my address and also to ask his address. He was not heard of from that day to this day, This news spread like wild fire throughout our neighbourhood. Wherever I was seen I was mocked at, and the street urchins pelted stones at me, so that I could no more live in that place and had to go away to a far off country. I am therefore the greatest fool.

* *

Hearing these stories the judge said, "Each of you have gained your suit. You may now continue your journey in peace if that is possible."

Delighted with so equitable a judgment, the four foolish farmers left the court, each shouting louder than the other, "I have won my title. I am the greatest fool."

THE FUN OF FAME

— BY ROMONE PERCY —

I made my first speech.

It was heard by hundreds, by thousands. So my friends told me.

One thing is certain: there were crowds and crowds on the sands that evening. My friends told me that they heard me with rapt attention. There were claps, cheers and "loud and prolonged applause" too; that is what my friends told me as I took them all for a sumptuous feed to the "Glory Bhavan Restaurant."

It was not all mere flattery.

The next day the "Light of India" gave an account of my "brilliant oration" as the paper called it. There was also mention made of it in the New Dawn, the Red Glory and the Labourer.

Of course, I could hardly recognise me. I was a mere child at the Bar; I had just begun to practise in the Lower courts and the Police Courts. It was a pleasing surprise that I should have so suddenly risen to fame.

My wife did not feel so surprised. "Even in the college, were you also getting prizes, dear?" she asked me.

"I did get prizes, Saroja, but this fame all over the place, I cannot understand," I said

"Never mind the fame, dear, but if we get some new cases from the rich merchants, that will be more useful. What is the use of mere talk and meaningless praise?" asked my practical wife.

"Saroja, you women are all alike; so calculating and sordid and grabbing. I say our Dt. Munsiff is such a kind fellow. You ask, 'Does that give us cases?' I say that the Chief Magistrate sends

for me in the tiffin hour and we chat and even chew betel and nut together if I take them to him. And you ask 'Does that bring more cases ?' You women are always calculating. You cannot look above money, money and money alone" said I rather annoyed.

"Dear, they are all great men; their friendship is good. But how does that help us? Do you know what the landlord said yesterday? Do you know how the Laxmi Oilman stores man shouted and gathered quite a crowd before our door? I sent him with some soft word or other. How can I help being calculating, dear," asked the wife.

Nor her fault either, she was only too true.

Yet, I was about to reply. For, a lawyer, whatever might be the truth or justice of the party on the other side, will always say something for himself and his own side.

I was about to answer her, when,

"Sir, a letter, sir," the postman came in calling and handed me a very fleshy thick envelope.

"Saroja, here is some grand letter. I am sure it brings us luck."

I opened the letter and read it to Saroja.

DEAR SIR,

There is no doubt that you are one of our great national leaders and most fearless advocates of the Labour and Unemployed cause. We are opening a Hall where the Out-of-employment and down-trodden Labourers can meet and discuss their grievances and listen to great speakers and thinkers like you.

The opening ceremony of the Hall is fixed to take place on the 16th inst. at 5-30 p.m. when the Hon'ble Sir James Filz-Allen, Judge, High Court of Judicature, will preside.

I am sure, considering your sincere devotion to the cause, you will kindly help us.

Yours Sincerely,

Srijut Bahubar Rao.

I turned to Saroja, "Now, dearest, what do you say to that?"

"I only ask how is that going to help us?" persisted Saroja.

"Saroja," I cried with some warmth, "I don't know if you purposely want to belittle my public work and intentionally want to lower me in the eyes of the world. Here is a letter asking me to perform a very important function. The Hall is for a great national cause and for Labour—a cause which is nearest and dearest to me. And yet you ask how is it going to help us?"

"What a pity that you have entirely mistaken me! I always thought you said that you will have nothing to do with Govt. Officials in your public work. Now, here is a Judge of the High Court presiding over the function. How can you, dear, open the Hall when a Govt. Judge will preside?" asked Saroja in the sweetest of voices soothing my anger.

"Saroja, dearest girl, you are a clever girl; in fact, you are quite right. Perhaps, some day later on, people may say against me that in my early public career I was mixed up with Govt. officials. But then, the cause of Labour and Unemployed is too sacred. If Govt. Officials also help us, where is the harm? Further, Saroja, you are always a woman calculating Rs., As., and Pies. You will always ask me. "How does that help us to pay rent or buy rice or pay for the potato?" Now don't you think I, a lawyer, opening the Hall for Labour and Unemployed under the presiding of a High Court Judge, will be really noted by the whole presidency? Will not the Judge shake hands with me? Will he not talk to me and praise me in his speech? I ask you, Saroja, will that not help us? You see, dearest, though I am prepared to die for my Country, I am not such a fool as to forget you and kids and home. What do you say, Saroja?" I asked my good women, because I felt that she could have nothing to say in reply but simply acknowledge herself completely beaten.

"I know, dear, you are always a clever man: but I feel so unhappy

A Man of Few Words.

when those rascals come and worry me and talk like that for payment," Saroja said practically suing for peace.

The day came for me to open the hall. As His Lordship the Hon. Sir James was going to preside I prepared my speech most carefully. I embodied in that speech a world-wide survey of the Labour problem in its practical and philosophical aspects. Nor did I omit to embody in my speech the place allotted to Labour and the dignity associated with it by the Great Teachers of the World, Sri Krishna, Lord Christ, Prophet Mohammad, Philosophers of the East and the West.

Armed with my speech which I was sure would create a sensation in the Old and New Worlds and would surely give a new direction to those engaged in Labour problems at Geneva, dressed in Khaddar in such a careful manner that it should conform to the strictest National ideals without in the least looking provoking or repugnant to official eyes—Sir James was a Civilian Judge and a terrible bureaucrat—I went to the place where I was called upon to perform the important function.

Not desiring to tramp on foot to the place, I asked and kindly got the loan of an old phaeton from a friend of mine to whom I had rendered professional services free of charge. The point is that I did not like to tramp out to the function on foot lest His Lordship Sir James should see me. I wanted to make a good impression on his Lordship.

Why should I not?

I reached the place.

Festoons, National Scouts drawn up at the gate to receive the chief men on arrival, crowds to witness distinguished arrivals, some music or other: all these I knew would be there to greet me as befitting such an important occasion.

It was all a surprise.

There was no such buzzle or noise. The address given was as quiet as silence could be—not even the noiseless noise which very silence heaves.

I got down the pheaton; asked the driver to take the bandy to a safe place lest cars and carriages coming to the place should be inconvenienced.

"No, sir, you need not send away the carriage. There won't be much of a rush," spoke a smart looking fellow with specs. "I am the Director of the Hall. Come in, Sir."

The Director led me inside a room in which there were a number of Vernacular Journals and a few ancient back numbers of English Weeklies and dailies. Most of the Vernacular papers seem to have been supplied free because there was the stamp "Complimentary" on almost all of them.

There was a rattan mat spread on the floor and the Director requested me to be seated, telling me. "You see, sir, our movement is thoroughly National. You know what it is."

"What about Sir James? How will he sit?" I asked,

"I am really glad to tell you, Sir, that he is not coming. Looked as if our Hall would have lost its National significance, But luckily he is not coming. Are you not pleased that the whole function is purely and wholly, National, Sir?" asked the Director.

"When is the function to begin?" I asked not able to understand what it all meant. In fact, I was almost suspecting that it was a practical joke or hoax played on me.

Perhaps the Director read my thoughts or my blank face and vacant look and, in a loud voice called out. "Array! Narayan, Gopal, Das, Muddi, what you fellows doing there? Why not come out and greet our Leader? Haven't you heard about Srijut Jana Bandhu?"

Narayan and others came out ill-clad, ill-fed and ill-led set of men. They sat round me when the Director requested me to speak to them a few words of kindness and encouragement and give them my assurances of real help and not mere lip help, as is unfortunately the trick of most of our leaders and politicians.

What about my speech? When am I to deliver that speech that I thought would really rouse the Capitalist conscience of the two worlds—Old and New?

It was a case of 'many a speech is written to perish in the pocket in which it was conveyed' like those poor flowers destined to sweeten the desert air.

I adjusted myself to the situation. I began to say a few words of sympathy when one of the audience cried out:

"What sir, again this lecture? What is the use of all this to men actually starving these last four days?"

"Gopal, shut your mouth; keep quiet and listen, our gentleman knows all about your hardships; (turning to me) poor fellows, they have hardly had anything to eat these two or three days. It is better we send for some refreshments to the nearest Coffee Club," exhorted the Director.

In other words.

I walked right into the jaws of a den of ravenous hungry set of people. I pulled out a rupee and handed over to the Director. Gopal was despatched to the Hotel. and on his arrival my audience was given a Tea Party, as the Director called it,

"You can now see, sir, with your own learned eyes to what condition honest Labour has been reduced by a heartless Government and stone-hearted and tight-fisted money-kings. It is now left to you, sir, how you celebrate this great event of your arrival. Of course, all the Nationalist papers, in English and Vernaculars will be ringing with your praise. You remember how your speech was received at the Beach and afterwards reviewed in the Papers. Let me tell you, sir, that I brought in all these men and others to cheer you as you went on speaking and I got the papers to put it in glowing terms and prominent places your speech. It is better these men see what you actually are going to give us lest they misunderstand me," concluded the Director demanding, in plain words, payment on the spot.

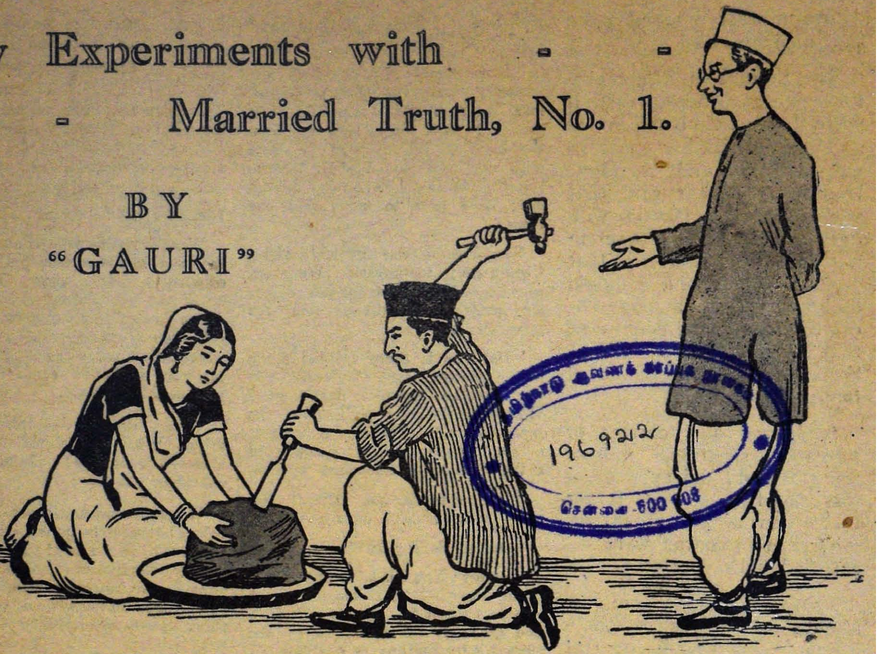
I had about Rs. 15 with me which Saroja wanted me to pay to the stores man on the way. But what about the storesman, and still fiercer, the wife Saroja, if I should part with the money? Already I had given away a rupee.

I excused myself that I did not know that I would have to pay any money: all that I could give then was Rs. 4 which I handed over to the Director in the presence of the representatives of Labour and Unemployment of our Motherland.

I shall not; I will not; I cannot tell anybody what Saroja had to say when she heard the full proceedings of the opening of the Hall for the cause of Labour and Unemployment.

My Experiments with - - - - Married Truth, No. 1.

BY "GAURI"



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MY mother gave us her advice with her blessings. My old uncle too joined my mother in blessing us along with costly sarees for my wife and lace cloth for me with a complete set of silver service for a Hindu home; my eldest sister too advised me and my wife Jagadu. Sister was even a bit blunt as she had a right to be, because she was in the VI Form when Jagadu was in the first in the same school.

My sister, like the real loving sister that she was, did not drop her love for me and Jagadu with lectures and sermons. She wanted us to be happy-happy. She wanted to bring about a harmony of old dignity and modern fashions. So she put us in one of our smaller bungalows; she would n't hear mother's idea that she should live with her son and daughter-in-law.

"No, no, mother," said the sister, "brother and Jagadu should run a home for themselves. Then we shall be visitors—or guests if you like; and we shall teach them play the host *ad nauseum*. Is that right brother and Jagadu?"

I smiled.

So did Jagadu.

So we had a home: from the door mat right up to the garage where my motor bike was to roost, every bit of ground was completely laid out; planned and arranged—of course, with Jagadu always being made to affix her signature to the joint deed.

The day came when. we were to move over to our New place—which sister called "Swayasahaya"—hinting at Self-Help.

The day was auspicious; and the hour was evening. Jagadu and myself had to do the Ceremony of Occupation together. But that could not be.

I had my bike to steer to her new pen; then that very evening I had to play a match—singles—men and women—against Mrs. Dakshina. The match was arranged days

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before mother pitched upon the auspicious day.

Sister struck in a compromise—sister always did it when it was a tie between me and mother with her shastras, panchangams and ancestral traditions. Sister said that she would take Jagadu with her; as for a male accompanying the wife, she said that Jagadu would take a celluloid doll dressed like a boy—she did that some time back—and that I could go to Swaya Sahaya from the match direct on my bike.

Right or wrong, correct or incorrect shastras, mother was satisfied; and as mother was satisfied, so was father too. Thus all parties, father, mother and shastras were all satisfied and respected.

I reached our new home at about 7-30. It was all still—a home—just a nook for rest after the moil and turmoil of the day. So soothing. I went in. "Jagadu, where are you?"

"COME in. Here in our study," as she said so she laid on the table the book she was reading and had almost finished, because I found the book mark almost at the end of the volume.

"Come round and see our home, dear," Jagadu led me. "How do you like your study and your 'den'? Look round at all your game things. How do you like the arrangement? See how everything is within easy reach—don't you like it; dear?"

"You did it all, Jagadu?"

"How is that possible? Sister Pushpa—your sister—did it for us. Why do you look like that? Don't like it? Mind you, Sister Pushpa did it all for us. Like it or no, you can't say anything funny about it."

"Then why do you ask me about how I like it? When I have only to submit to it all in abject admiration, what does it matter how I like it? But, Jagadu, I thought you had some hand in it," I observed.

"How could I, dear? When Sister Pushpa is doing it all out of love, why should I meddle and muddle? And, dear, that boy from the Lending Library will be here with new books and I shall have to give back these. I have only finished one; so I have to finish that one there."

Yes, Jagadu was perfectly right. I could see it for myself. We went round the other rooms; the bed rooms; the pantry, the kitchen and the servant's room.

"But why is there nothing doing in the kitchen, Jagadu? Purely, you too must be hungry. Aren't you? How about the great problem of the inner fellow?" I asked not without a small terror slowly creeping in at the sight of the smokeless kitchen.

"Did you see our boy Damu? No, surely he has gone for our meals."

"Our meals, Jagadu?"

"Surely; You don't mean to starve on the very first day of our new home: nor do I mean to. Do run up, dear, and get ready for our meals by the time the boy brings us our fare. I shall also finish that book. Dear, can't you feel how cruel it is come between the fag end of an exciting plot and the reader? Do, dear, leave me to finish it and get ready."

That is how our Swaya Sahaya began.

As we were dining, it struck me that brother-in-law, Ranga, was coming round in the morning.

"Jagadu, do you remember that your brother Ranga is coming about the time for 'chota hazri—he said he would have his coffee with us and bus away to office direct?" I reminded her.

"Dear, just leave that to me. I know Ranga is awful fond of almond halwa. He must have it with his chapathis—he hasn't missed his almond halwa these ten years, I am sure. Surely that will be ready by the time you get up for your morning exercise."

"O. K., then, Jagadu,"

We had a game of chess which pulled us through two solid hours. I was half sleeping by the time we finished, Jagadu won, because, as I said, I was rather tired and sleepy after the tiring match in the evening. But Jagadu thought otherwise.

It must have been about seven in the morning: the birds were chirping all round; it looked as if I heard it all in a dream when,

"Dear, Dear, come up; come up," I heard Jagadu shouting.

Was it that the wife caught fire as the result of the sermon on Self-help or what, I didn't know. I jumped out of my bed and ran to the kitchen where I saw Jagadu tugging at some yellowish mass—sweet-smelling—which would not come out out of the pan—do what she could to pull it with might and main.

"Dear, dear pull out this perverse thing. What a stupid, stubborn idiot of a thing it is!" Jagadu cried out rather put out.

"Jagadu, Jagadu, fancy almond halwa having to be pulled out like an imbedded road-roller! Never saw or heard the like of it. Jagadu, when almond halwa can be petrified, are you sure, it wouldn't explode or do something equally wonderful?" I couldn't but ask.

"Quite right, all your fears. You are a sportsman and all that. Can't you pull that out?" she appealed.

Poor Jagadu. A couple of stout heavy volumes from the Lending Library she could finish without any one lending a hand. But, almond halwa was too much for the poor girl, nevermind the name of our bungalow—never mind the advice of mother, uncle, and sister Pushpa.

I took up the pan and saw a mass settled in the centre and defying all womanly entreaty to come out. I took a pestle and banged the pan at the back which sent the halwa jumping out like a bit of igneous rock.

Jagadu was overjoyed.

"But then how are you going to serve it?" I asked.

Jagadu thought a moment.

"Dear, there is a clean chisel in our instrument box, Sister Pushpa brought us a box of tools too because she said we must run about to others for sundry small repairs, Bring the chisel, dear.

Continued on next page.

F. J. from Masulipatam writes, "I am preparing for some all-night walks." Well we congratulate him on his becoming a father—dutifully bearing the baby.

⁂

"Furthermore there are many people who take my views," brags another reader. We guess he is a photographer.

⁂

"My wife has had a very bad cold and lost her voice for three weeks," complains another.

Aren't germs just wonderful?

⁂

'I have an idea that one day I shall make a big noise in the world,' says a reader from Ceylon. Probably he is thinking of joining the army as a gunner!

⁂

When a dog howls all night, for whom does it mean trouble?

The dog.

⁂

'He threw a flower-pot at me' complains a reader.

That's what is known as saying it with flowers.

⁂

'Some men push their way to the front before middle age.'

They should diet.

⁂

'Misprints, sometimes have serious consequences.' Yes, there is the sad case of the man who had indigestion for years before discovering it was caused by a printer's error in his wife's cookery-book.

⁂

'As a Private Secretary to a Zemindar, my work consists mainly of writing apologetic letters,' writes A. D.

A *sorry* business eh?

⁂

'A gay time is one of the things a wise youth gives a Miss!

Otherwise he is unlikely to enjoy her friendship for long.

⁂

A wife should not sit next to her husband at a dinner party, according to the white-folks.

But he should be within easy kicking distance in case he makes any tactless remarks.

⁂

'What is worse than selecting wedding presents for a fastidious couple?

Paying for them of course.

⁂

'Famous actors always attend boxing matches.'

But they are not the stars pugilists see.

⁂

A reader complains, that life is so empty.

Possibly he has drained it.

⁂

'An old statue of Cupid has been found in Italy with a hand, both legs, an ear and its nose missing.' It would seem to be a suitable ornament to set up in front of the divorce courts.

⁂

'I am trying to get something for my wife,' said a man to his friend yesterday in the Moore-Market.

Not a goose surely.

Continued from page 26.

I brought the chisel and hammer and I was trying to split the almond rock—because it ceased to be halwa hours before—

Brother-in-law Ranga was there in the verandah and shouting for us, "What a silly pair, you people; Here is a fellow come for his coffee, hungry; eager to run away to office, shouting for you for the last 15 minutes; you wouldn't care to let me in. What is the matter?"

"It is for you, brother," answered Jagadu.

"Jagadu, why I ask for bread—".

"She gives a stone," I said.

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

AB-E-HAYAT

Samri the great makes an epoch-making, discovery undreamt of by science, but it is only the prelude to still bigger and bigger that are yet to come.

He has an assistant Kalim by name, an ambitious young man and he persuaded young Farhat, daughther of Samri the Hakim, to remove from her father's safe the formula pertaining to those discoveries. But he is detected and in the scuffle Hakim succumbs to the greater strength of his young assistant and dies entreating him to carry on the researches he had begun. The name, if not the body of Hakim, must live. He had killed the body, the other must live.

And so powers undreamt of by man before become Kalim's—all except the final truth—the secret to the great elixir of life—notes of which he had from his master's safe.

With the help of the loving Farhat he builds himself a bigger and a better laboratory where he can carry on both his experiments and vices.

The necessary ingrediente of the Elixir of life specify blood of a virgin that contains the marks of the Sun. This he finds in a poor dumb village maiden. By virtue of his discoveries he changes his shape to that of the Prince of the realm and succeeds in enticing the girl to his castle and there makes preparations for the final experiment.

Meanwhile at the request of the father of this little village girl the real prince sets out to the castle to see into the matter and try to rescue the girl. He accompanied by his jovial friend encounters a series of experiences both thrilling and humorous but in the end is trapped by the wily Kalim. Meanwhile all is ready for [illegible] final experiment. The prince's [illegible]orous friend is sent to the execu- [illegible] nd the Prince is injected with [illegible] at will transform him into [illegible] his friend. How Farhat [illegible] prevent the calamity [illegible] f several scenes.

The Great Experiment is ready. Those that dared to intrude having been put away the way is clear. The poor village girl dressed up in all the fineries of the world as a bride led to her marriage is taken blindfolded to the operation table. And then Farhat waits biding her time, for she has discovered that she too has in her blood the necessary marks of the Sun. A thought vague and indefinite at first begins to take form. She decides upon her course of action, Farhat, the loving but neglected girl.

Silence. All is ready for the final experiment—the steps of the Magician—he enters—then the gentle purr of a machine—then another—and then another—and then another—the fiying of electrical sparks—the Great Experiment is on. Slowly—slowly—the life blood of the victim is drained and transrormed into the Elixir of life.

And then Victory—in his hands the Elixir of Life—Victory, Victory! He shouts for Farhat the woman that loved him that only now he begins to care for. "Farhat, Farhat, come and see the Great Master." He goes from room to room "Farhat, Farhat, Come, where are you? Together we will drink of the Elixir of Life and rule the world" But no, she does not answer. From the balcony he sees two figures, the prince and a lady running away. He runs back to the laboratory throws away the cloth he had thrown over the victim. He stops dead aghast. The blow is more than even he can bear. He sinks to the ground, the Elixir of Life still in his hand. Little by little drop by drop the liquid drains the ground—the all consuming liquid drains the ground—the all consuming liquid consumes the floor, flames spring up from them till the whole castle is on fire. The Elixir and its maker are destroyed!

An East India Film Production
Coming To Crown Talkies
Shortly.

Lionel Barrymore

One of the finest character actors on the screen, Lionel Barrymore, is one of the Royal brothers of Broadway. He is a versatile genius having attained proficiency in all the arts that he attempted. He is a good director and an actor par excellence. As an amateur painter he has few equals and he could also write and compose music. Add to all these he is a shrewd businessman with a deep farsight.

He achieved his earliest stage success in "The Copperhead" though he had begun his career with his parents while quite young. In the year 1909 that talented director David Wark Griffith invited him to play in the films with the result that Lionel appeared in the picture "Friends." Since this picture achieved only a partial success Lionel did not think of taking to films till the year 1915, when he made his appearance in the picture "The Yellow Streak." The advent of the Talkies still further enhanced his reputation with the result that pictures of the type of "Free soul" and "Rasputin" began to be produced.

This latter picture "Rasputin and the Empress" secured a million dollar publicity because of the damage suit filed by the Russian princess against The Metro Goldwyn Mayer Ltd., the producers of the film. Lionel Barrymore himself as Rasputin has given one of the most beautiful performances on the screen though connoisseurs in the line call his performance therein as overacting and full of Lionel's pet mannerisms. The next picture wherein he gives his stellar performance is in the film "Christopher Bean" wherein he is co-starred along with that old warhorse of the screen, Marie Dressler. As Dr. Milton Hagget Lionel acts as a doctor who though professes himself as man devoid of greed yet greedy enough to appropriate the portrait of Abby by Late Mr. Bean. His portrayal of Dr. Hagget is only next to that of Marie whose performance as Abby will pass on to posterity as one of the best.

Born—Philadelphia. April 28, 1878.

Dark hair, blue eyes, Ht 6ft., Wt. IIst I lb.

Educated in New York.

Parents—Maurice Barrymore and Gorgia Drew.

Married—Irene Fenwick (1923.)

"Master Muthu as Dhruva in the Jayaveni Production, Dhruva Kumar"

Our Kine Corner:

PARAGON

(Rasputin and the Empress.)

Featuring:—John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore.

This is the story of a Russian monk who wielded untold powers during the existence of the late Czar. Lioel Barrymore plays the part of this voluptuous monk Rasputin with skill and the reason for his predominance in the state is because of his curing the crown prince of an illness which no other was able to cure. The monk had a magnetic personality and it is only his hypnotic powers that cured the young boy prince The role of the young boy prince is being ably played by Tad Alexander who gives such a convincing portrayal that every one expects a great future for that young genius.

Ethel Barrymore as a loving mother acts true to her high traditions and it is she that is partly responsible for powers of Rasputin the Rascal monk. He is virtually the ruler of Russia and the Czar is only a nominal figurehead. Having attained so much powers Rasputin uses his powers for his own good and spends his life in a voluptuous licentious manner. The one opponent to him from the start is Prince Chegodieff whose words have but little weght before that of the Czarina who has taken a fancy for the rascallish monk. The Czarevitch was completely under the monk's power and as aforesaid Rasputin became the virtual ruler of Russia.

Quarrel soon springs up between Rasputin and Prince Chegodieff who after so many unsuccessful attempts makes short work of Rasputin. By this time the Czarina too is convinced of the worth of Rasputin through Princess Natasha the part most beautifully played by Diana Wynyard.

In fine this is one of the most beautiful ptctures that Hollywood has given us. Though connoisseurs might remark that Lional Barrymore has overacted his part as Rasputin, yet it is one of the masterpieces of the Royal brothers of Broadway,

Berkely Square.

One of the best pictures that Leslie Howard acted—which will be passed on to the generations to come as a beautiful film, the adjective being used in its fullest sense. The story underlying the entire film is of one young American inheriting an old house in

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Note: Removal of Competition Coupons alone is allowed in the prize winning copy of the Lucky Number Scheme.

Berkely Square. The part of the young American has been remarkably portrayed by Leslie Howard. His fully modulated voice, his restrained gestures and poise bring to the character a personality that proves irresistibly attractive.

Heather Angel as Helen, Irene Browne as Lady Ann Pettigrew and Ferdinand Gottschalk as the crabbed elderly suitor for the hand of Helen give no small hand to make the film an unadulterated success.

In technique and setting the picture is truly Frank Lloyd's. The Berkely square of the eighteenth century and of the present day has been most sincerely, convincingly and truthfully brought out.

ROXY

Dancing Lady

(*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production*)

Featuring—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, & May Robson.

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

This picture deals with the very familiar plot of a wealthy man who tries to make a dancer his own whether by hook or by crook. Any way he is disappointed in his attempts since the producer makes successful attempts and wins her. This part of the stage producer is being ably played by no less a person than Clark Gable. He gives a very good performance as the stage producer and Joan Crawford looks as though she has been created for the role of the dancer.

The plot-make may be weak: the story not interesting; but there is Leonard's treatment which will make any thing common place and uninteresting beautifully polished and substantially pictorial. Franochot Tone as the play boy lover making Whoopee to Janie the dancer though he does not appear at advantage when he plays along with the screen's perfect lover Clark Gable. Of course there is May Robson to give pep and ted Healy with his two stooges to supply the comic relief.

CROWN

Ameena

(*Kali Films Production.*)

This film dealing of true love which ran never smooth is from old Arabia. Ameena a slave girl in love with Mansoor superstitiously believes in their separation for a while and so it happens because of the machinations of the Amir who tries to make Ameena his wife. But anyhow through the queen, the lovers are once united which result in a happy marriage.

This picture which has been produced with much care and thought will not fail to draw audiences of a mixed type. There is love, romance, pathos and what not. Hail! Ameena!!

Success.

It is at the foot of the ladder where the crowd gathers; there is always plenty of room at the top.

To achieve the highest success it is necessary for us to bring into play every power we possess; it is not necessary that we live long, but live much.

High aims are good, but to accomplish them is better. We must DO things.

Both ways.

What's the use? If you look closely into things, you're a cynic; and if you don't, you're a fool.

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IN AUGUST LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME

FOR

20 Lucky Numbered FUNNY MAGZIN COPIES

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during August, dated 5-8-1934 and 20-8-1934 have unduplicated numbers printed on the Front Page of the wrapper. Twenty of these numbers have been selected at random and kept in a sealed envelope in the Manager's possession. A week after the publication of the issue of the 20th August '34, the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th September, 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

Gentlemen Prefer Washermen......

— BY GAL BEN SHAH. —

Gentlemen prefer washermen to laundries.

Yes. At least, they ought to.

Laundries give me the—'alphabets'! My synonym for the 'blues', the 'jimps' etc. Don't wonder, you'll soon know why.

I used to favour the dhobies at first. But they would not favour me with credit. Nor return clothes in less than a fortnight. Nor the same number.

I renounced the whole tribe of them. And turned to the laundries.

I went, I heard, I was conquered. The laundry-wallah spoke English.

"Yes, sir, credit allowed, if clothes with us." "Yes, sir, responsible for last clothes." Of course, he meant, 'lost'. Anyway, they *were* my last clothes.

"In how many days, sir? Why, sir, clothes delivered in as many days as God took to cremate the world," he said.

"You mean a few minutes?" I gasped out, incredulous.

"No, sir, one week. He took one week to create the world." My mistake, entirely. I thought I had heard him say, 'cremate'

And Iyer entered just then. With a bundle of dirty linen water-and fire-proof. And if the laundry could wash *those* clothes—ahem!

That settled it. Iyer was an insurance agent. Ergo, the laundry must be insured. Ergo, laundry safer than dhobies.

"Your initials, sir?" asked the laundry man. I told him: "G. B. S."

He turned pale. "Nna-nna-not *the* G. B. S.? You-er-you are not......"

"No," I assured him. "I am *not* George Bernard Shaw." "Thank God!" he breathed fervently, "I wouldn't deal with you if you were!"

Went a week. Came my clothes. 'G. B. S.' neatly marked on each. How nice the initials looked. How I could twirl out the marks on the inside to public view, with pride!

One month. Changed laundry. Bills of old one not paid, you see. Clothes returned clean from new laundry. Marked "G. B. S., O. M." Honorary conferment of the 'Order of Merit', what? Is shaw an O. M., I wonder!

A year passed. Had to change twelve laundries. Now my initials, on the inside of my clothes, have come to consist of: 'T. S. 98., G. B. S., O. M., 2 B 563 V., A. L. C., 14207, D. A. M. N., X. P. Z.," etc. ('Etc' is my own.)

Sent brother with clothes to 13th laundry. '13' *is* unlucky. Seems laundry-man was busy, so asked my

PASEELA *(Of Paseela Indian)*

INDIA'S GIFT TO THE WORLD.

A Genuine Indian Remedy for External Use.

Recommended by Leading Doctors and Citizens.

Every household should always have it. Because it heals rapidly and permanently Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Bruises, due to every day accident, and all skin diseases, and chronic ulcers even when given up as hopeless under other treatments.

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Sowcarpet, Madras.

little brother to mark the clothes himself, with added initials of *his* laundry. He did, and how!

Clothes have come back. Lord! my brother has marked them all on the *outside*. The public now view me marked K D. 1933! A friend tells me people think I am a convict of 1933 just released from limbo! 'K. D.', says he, means 'a convict'!

That's done it. Long live the merry old washermen! They lose me a few clothes only. The laundry has lost me all!—even my self-respect!

Excelsior, dear old dhoby! You *do* deserve that good old gramophone song re: you. I prefer you to the laundries.

All gentlemen do. At least, they ought to.

For laundries give me......I mean, *gave* me, the *alphabet!*

And how!

In one London revue an actress changes her costume forty times at great speed. This fact was only made possible by many undress rehearsals.

* *

Chunks of dried milk were recently tried as fuel for a railway engine. It is not stated what cow power the engine developed.

* *

It is said that the old-fashioned custom of throwing kisses is dying out. A girl prefers a man to deliver the goods.

Hollywood News

— BY M. V. V. R. —

Four "Harrys" on the set at Metro Goldwyn Mayer where MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR is being filmed cause no end of confusion They are Harry Beaumont, Director; Harry Sharrock, Assistant Director; Harry Miller, Electrician and Harry Jones, Actor. When anybody calls "Harry" they all jump.

* *

If you don't think stardom is a strenuous business. consider Jean Harlow's experience in BORN TO BE KISSED. She has been dumped out of a wheelchair, had to jump in the water from a boat deck, was pushed under a cold shower six times with her clothes wet and was almost ship-wrecked in a motorboat.

* *

A special "Sunburn Station" has been established for members of the company filming scenes for TREASURE ISLAND on location in an estuary near Oakland, California. Patients so far have included Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone, Nigel Bruce and about a dozen "Extras" who have applied lotions to relieve burns from sunlight reflected from the water.

* *

While Wallace Beery was signing dozens of autographs for youngsters on the set of TREASURE ISLAND on location near Oakland, California. One youngster came up with a pencil but no paper for the autographs. In desperation he pulled off a white tennis shoe and had Wally sign it and then hopped away on one foot holding the precious shoe under one arm.

* *

Wallace Beery purchased a telescopic lens for a small hand camera that enabledhim to photograph clearly? calling ships at a distance of five miles during the filming of location scenes for TREASURE ISLAND.

* *

Betty Furness has her dressing room wall-papered with all the telegrams she has received since she was five years old.

* *

Under the heat of twenty-four powerful lights Jean Harlow has to wear a heavy fur coat on California's hottest day for scenes in BORN TO BE KISSED. And the next day she weighed a pound and a half less.

* *

It was a tense love scene, Myrna Loy reclining on a lounge George Brent bending over her hair............ whispering "You are wonderful." But just as he bent low to kiss her a terrific crash resounded. A shield for one of the lights snapped loose, crashed down on Brent's head and knocked him off the lounge.

No harm was done but everybody burst out laughing. And that's the reason they had to re-take that romantic love scene between George Brent and Myrna Loy in the Metro Goldwyn Mayer picture STAMBOUL QUEST.

* *

The "Still" man on THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET says it's true that the hoop had to be removed from Norma Shearer's hoop-skirt before he could get his camera near enough for a close-up picture.

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Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone were in a clinch on a boat deck for a scene in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture BORN TO BE KISSED.

"Don't fight him, Jean," director CONWAY cautioned, "or he will chew your hat off."

"Spoken truthfully," said Tone "I haven't had any breakfast."

* *

Lupe Velez is Greta Garbo fan. She has collected a complete album of Garbo pictures in every role she has ever played.

* *

Whenever Jean Harlow feels tired she takes a long walk to regain her vim and vigour.

Jimmy Durante smoked his first cigar at the age of seventeen to appear grown up for a job he was trying to obtain.

* *

Jean Parker always plays a soothing gramophone record before retirng at night.

* *

Helen Hayes who played the nun in MGM's THE WHITE SISTER was educated in a convent in Washington.

* *

Ramon Novarro after working all day at the studio, likes to entertain his friends at night by showing pictures in his little theatre.

Ramon Novarro as a youth used to produce Marionette shows as a pastime.

* *

Clark Gable whistles a piece of wood between scenes to relax himself for the next "take"

* *

Joan Crawford saves her favourite gown from each picture and stores it away as a souvenir in a cedar closet.

* *

The latest of Hollywood romances has been discovered to exist between Jackie Cooper and Carol Ann Beery! While on location at Catalina island for scenes in TREASURE ISLAND, Carol Ann greeted Jackie with a great big kiss every time she saw him.

King Uttanpad in the Jayaveni Production Dhruva Kumar.

After several days of such affection Jackie presented the young lady with a bracelet.

* *

When a small boat began to rock violently while Jackie Cooper was being transported from Catalina Island to a ship at sea for TREASURE ISLAND he suddenly became very sea-sick. As the boat plunged and dipped he turned over and groaned to the pilot. "Please cut out the tail-spine. Just plain sailing is all I want!"

* *

A "Floating Banquet" was enjoyed everyday by members of the company filming scenes of TREASURE ISLAND near Catalina island. A large launch brought out such delicacies as fried chicken pastry and liquid refreshments which were served to Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, and others where stomachs could stand a rolling ship.

* *

Helen Hayes was lured into playing her first part on the stage as a child because the role called for her to eat a piece of cake.

* *

With several new faces in the cast and set to a musical background THE LITTLE BROADCAST a new idea in "Our gang" comedies has gone into production at the Hal Roach studios. The picture features a group of talented juvenile musicians and dancers as well as the irrepressible trio of little "rascals" "scotty" and "stymie".

* *

A letter from a 13 year old fan in Boston addressed only to "Peg O' my heart.........Hollywood." was three days after mailed to Marion Davies at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studies in California. Miss Davies had starred in PEG O' MY HEART a year ago.

An exact replica of the church in which Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were clandestinely married has been erected at M-G-M for a scene in THE BARRETTS-OF WIMPOLE STREET.

* *

William Powell overslept and slept and missed breakfast. So at a banquet scene in M-G-M's THE THIN MAN he went after the food in a serious way. And had a full course trout dinner with four "retakes" for breakfast on the set while the cameras were firing at him.

To-day's little thought.

Girls will be girls, even when they are women.

He was in a fix.

A judge, addressing a coloured witness solemnly, asked him if he knew what would happen if he lied.

"Sure, sir!" replied the negro. "I sure shan't go to de Heavenly places when I die!"

"Exactly!" said the judge. "And you realise what will happen if you tell the truth!"

The man nodded vigorously, and proclaimed, with rolling eyes: "Sure, sir, we lose de case!"

That's Why.

"I wonder why there are so many more motor car wrecks than railway accidents?"

"That's easy. Did you ever hear of the fireman hugging the engine driver?"

And Leg Theory!

A beauty contest winner is said to be a very good fast bowler. Her "body-line" ought to be devastating.

Just Lazy!

The motorist who drove over a bump to knock the ash off his cigarette.

Bad to Worse.

Gene: "Bill, has the depression hit you yet?"

Bill: "I'll say it has. First I lost mah job an' went back to father's to live; sent my chillun to de orphans' home; my wife went back to her mother, an' I shot mah dog."

Gene: "That's bad."

Bill: "Yes, if times gits worse I'se afraid I'll have to give up mah cah."

Quite Unexpected.

The other day I asked a small girl friend—aged six—what she would like me to give her for her birthday.

The child wrinkled up her nose, thought a moment, and then answered;

"Oooch, would you—give me a—a big box of chocolates? O-only don't tell me. Make it a surprise!"

"What's the difference," asks a writer, "between a kiss of marriage and a kiss of courtship?" Roughly about fifteen minutes.

* *

"Cotton Magnate Leaves Twenty Mills to His Son." Heir-looms, so to speak.

* *

"When a man makes a woman cry," we read "she does not hesitate to throw his past in his face." From hysterics to historics.

* *

A saxophone is produced in America every forty seconds—or so, we are told. It was estimated that if they were all piled in one place in the Sahara Desert it would be a very good idea.

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FUNNY Magzin.
IT MAY BRING YOU A MONEY PRIZE.

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Most of them are worse than useless. Prepare one of your own.
Rs. 1000/-. given if it fails.
Send As-/4/-with a self addressed envelope for the SECRET.
Steno House Agency, Amritsar.

"MY MODERN MATE"

— BY "MUSTHARIP" —

My friends all state, my modern mate
Is very beautiful ;
But no one knows her many flaws,
'Tis really most awful.

Despite her charms, of face and arms,
She's nothing but a doll ;
E'en I, her mate, a few can state
The flaws of this fair doll.

Six months ago, I wooed her for
My future blessedness ;
I never rued, or was subdued,
By all her gentleness.

And now I see, all her beauty
Are nothing but " make-ups ";
I'm very sad, and almost mad
'Spite of my wife's " chirrups."

And now I see—I'm very sorry—
'Tis such an awful thing,
Her long black hair–my friends admire–
Is a wig she is wearing.

Unfortunate is my own Fate,
For it din't stop in one ;
Her milk-white teeth are all false teeth,
I only knew but none.

With all these " fakes "–for her own sake!–
She never obeys me ;
She daubs her life from tip to tip
With dyes dreadful to see !

I cannot kiss because of this ;
I cannot kiss my wife !
And you may laugh, but 'tis enough ;
—The de'il may take my life.

As cook my mate, she had to take
The service of old " Meg ;"
A meal she spoiled, when once she boiled
An eggshell for an egg.

My wife—that thing !—in gossiping
I call : " Woman-o-phone " ;
And when she talks, the neighbour folks
Call her " Scandal-o-phone."

Money from pockets flies like rockets
When given for expense ;
The worst feature is expenditure ;
The amount is most immense.

I sold my car, won't go to Bar,
To balance my budget
Howe'er I failed ; and she had railed
For having a mortgage.

"THE BOMB !!!"

Tom, Dick, and Harry, Soldiers three,
Fresh from England, brave and free,
One evening, on the Marina lay,
Ogling the ladies so fair and gay.

Now they chuckled, now they giggled,
In the gay throng, soon they mingled,
The cool sea-breeze was so pure and soft,
With the moon shining with silver shafts.

Now on the sands, the soldiers three,
Jumped and danced in simple glee.
"Oh, what is it!" Dick pointed out,
"A bomb, surely and deadly, no doubt."

With eyes wide open and pounding heart,
Stood well away and scanned it hard.
"A new kind," Tom wisely said,
"The work of some cruel terrorist kid."

"Dick, my lad," Tom clasped his hand
"My love to Dear Mary, in Scottish land,
To mamma and papa, I pray you give,
My kisses, I may die or I may live.

"Now I go to take that vile thing,
Ere it explodes, to the sea, must fling."
Dick and Harry, awestruck, stood,
Cautious Tom, over it bravely stood.

No smoke or fire was to be seen,
Tom gently took it and between,
The three friends proposed that they must
Show to the captain ere it burst.

Now gently the three soldiers brave,
To see the captain, permission crave,
"A bomb!" they said, and placed on ground,
The captain and troops gathered round.

They rubbed their eyes and saw it hard
Then rolled laughing, roaring loud,
"You fools three," the captain thundered [out,
It is not a bomb, but a COCOANUT !!

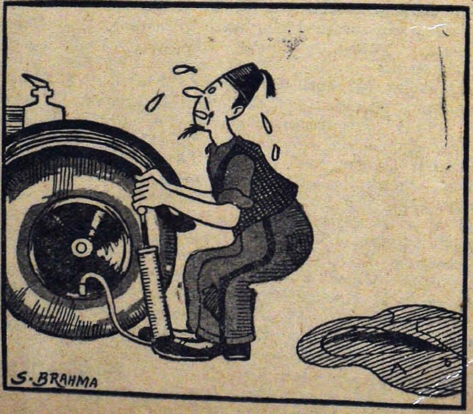
N. JANAKIRAM.

"LOVE'S YEARNING"

A lovelier flower there never was,
—So pretty, than the pretty rose
No statue made was so divine,
Till yesterday she was mine.
So gay and mimble as a fawn,
Girja played and danced across the lawn,
Her breath so sweet and soft as balm—
So graceful was her girlish form.
The soul that clasped my neck had flown,
Near Girija's grave I weep alone.
The mild moon shining in the night,
And the stars twinkling so high and bright,
The flowers on the grave that grow
Shall stoop and kiss her marble brow
Her sweetest song and silvery voice
That ever made my heart rejoice:
Gone, gone, the soul of my Love!
Over my cheeks, tears do flow.
Dead, but her image for ever
Dwells within me every hour.
This yearning soul looks ever in vain,
To clasp that form, now so divine!

N. J. R.

A TERRIBLE BLOW



Results of the 'Strike off' Competition

Correct Solutions of the "Strike off" Competition are as follows:—

1. EAR. 3. OUNCE. 5. HEMI. 7. CAB. 9. CAPE.
2. RAW. 4. DENY. 6. GRAPE. 8. TING 10. SAY.

The additional Prizes of Rs. 5, 3 and 2 has been awarded to the following competitors :—

K. A. SAMI NAIDU,
Postal Clerk, Chittoor,
52, entries—Rs. 5.

H. B. ANDRIAS,
2, Kandy Road, Wattegama, Ceylon,
35, entries—Rs. 3.

G. S. RANGASAMY IYENGAR,
Agricultural Inspector, Tumkur Range,
Tumkur Post. 32, entries—Rs. 2.

The first Prize of Rs. 30 has been won by the following competitors.

1. S. RAMANATHAN, B A.
Sub Registrar and Special Magistrate,
Mailam, S. A. Dt.
2. T. C. NARAYANA IYER
K E. P. Compound, Melur Tuticorin.
3. N. A. NARAYANASWAMI AIYER,
Teacher, 23, Mahal 4th Street, Madura.
4. S. SUBBA RAO,
Pleader, Gooty.
5. G. RANGAMANNAR
36, Tamil Street, Venkatagiri Town, Nellore Dt.

6, 7, 8 K. SAMY MUDALIAR,
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As you find the solutions, write them on the Special Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempt **with an entrance fee of one anna** in stamps to reach the Funny Mag. office not later than the closing date, namely the **5th September 1934.** You can send any number of entries and they must be send along with sufficient amount of entrance fee at 1 anna per entry. For bigger amounts M.O's & B.P.O's also can be sent.

WORDS.	CLUES.
1. *CI—Y*	1. *A large Town.*
2. *G—LE*	2. *Strong wind.*
3. *KIN—*	3. *Monarch.*
4. *—INEMA*	4. *A picture house.*
5. *ZIN—*	5. *A metal.*
6. *L—RE*	6. *Musical instrument.*
7. *C—VE*	7. *Cavern.*
8. *SL—T*	8. *Narrow opening.*
9. *EL— —E*	9. *Escape.*
10. *B— —KET*	10. *Household article.*

(For the coupon see next page.)

Rules & Conditions.

The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. An entrance fee of one anna must be sent along with each entry. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available each entry sent on a piece of plain paper should be accompanied by 1½ annas stamps to cover the value of one special coupon. If the solutions are not accompanied by sufficient amount of Entrance Fees they will not be considered.

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 5th September'34. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered. Corrections or Alternatives in the same coupon will disqualify the competitor.

3. Solutions must be addressed to The Competiton Editor "Clue Words" COMPETITION, FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

4. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided. Additional prizes of Rs. 15, 6 & 4 will be awarded to the senders of largest number of entries whether correct or common.

5. No correspondence can be entered into. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this Competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for solutions that may be lost, mislaid or otherwise.

6. Employees of FUNNY Magzin, and other Office publications, are not allowed to compete.

7. The results of the "Clue words" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 20th September 1934.

(Cut along the line).

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"CLUE WORDS" COMPETITION.

Closing date 5th September 1934.

ENTRANCE FEE ONE ANNA

1. CITY
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....
6. ....
7. ....
8. ....
9. ....
10. ....

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature..............................

Name Mr. / Miss or Mrs. ....

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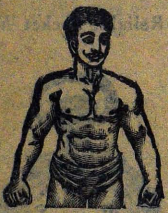

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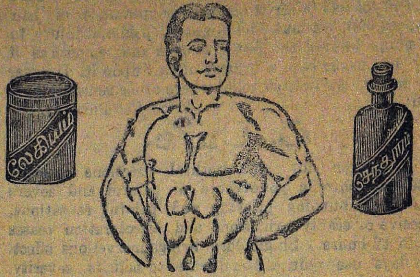

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